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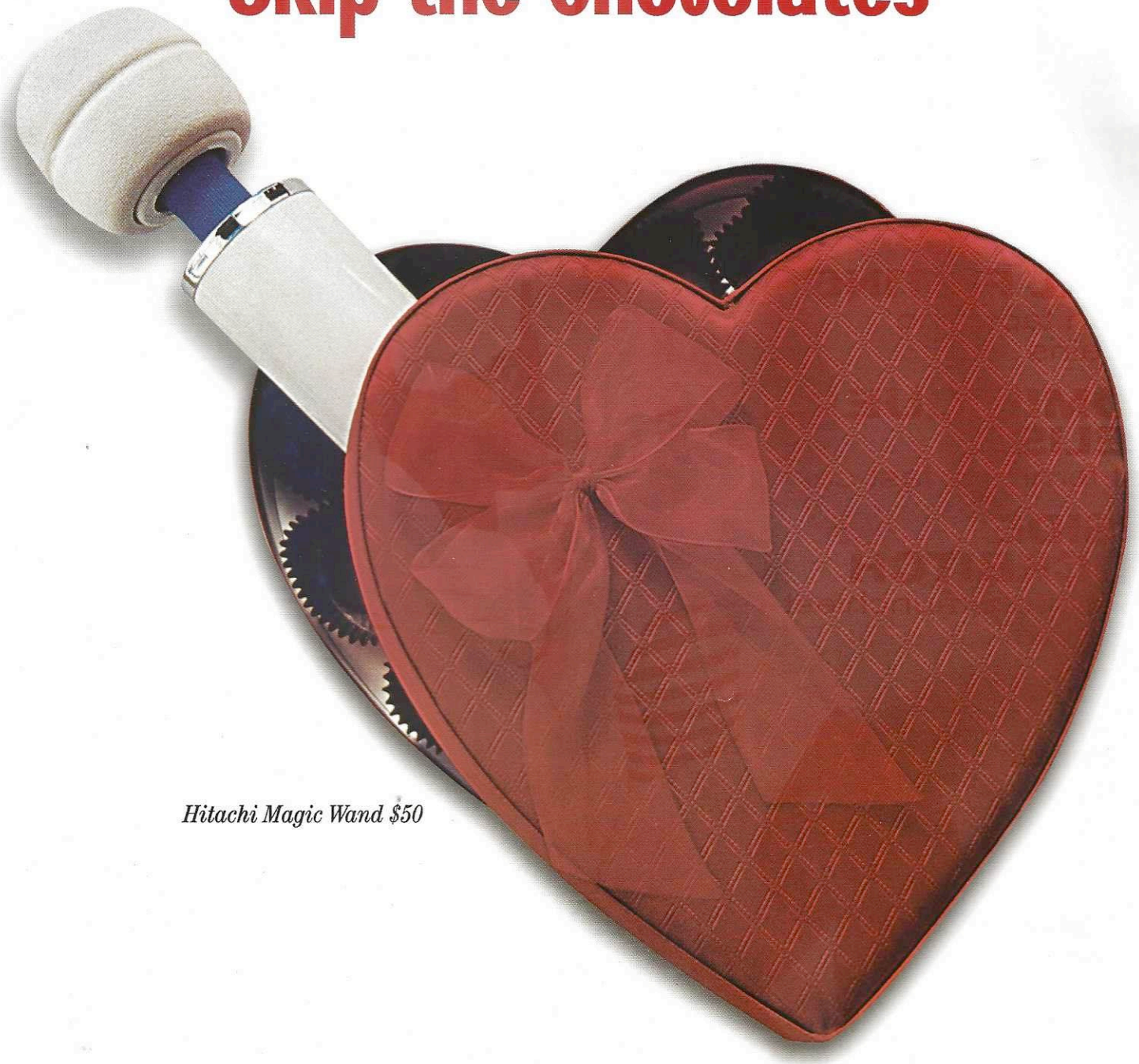

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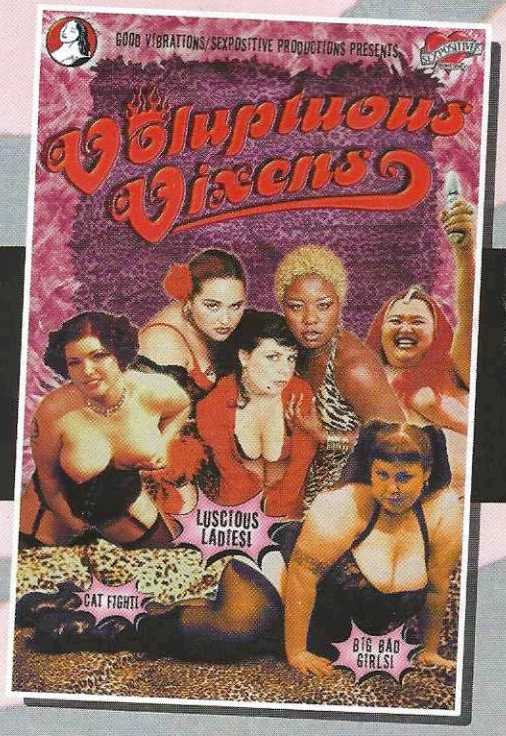

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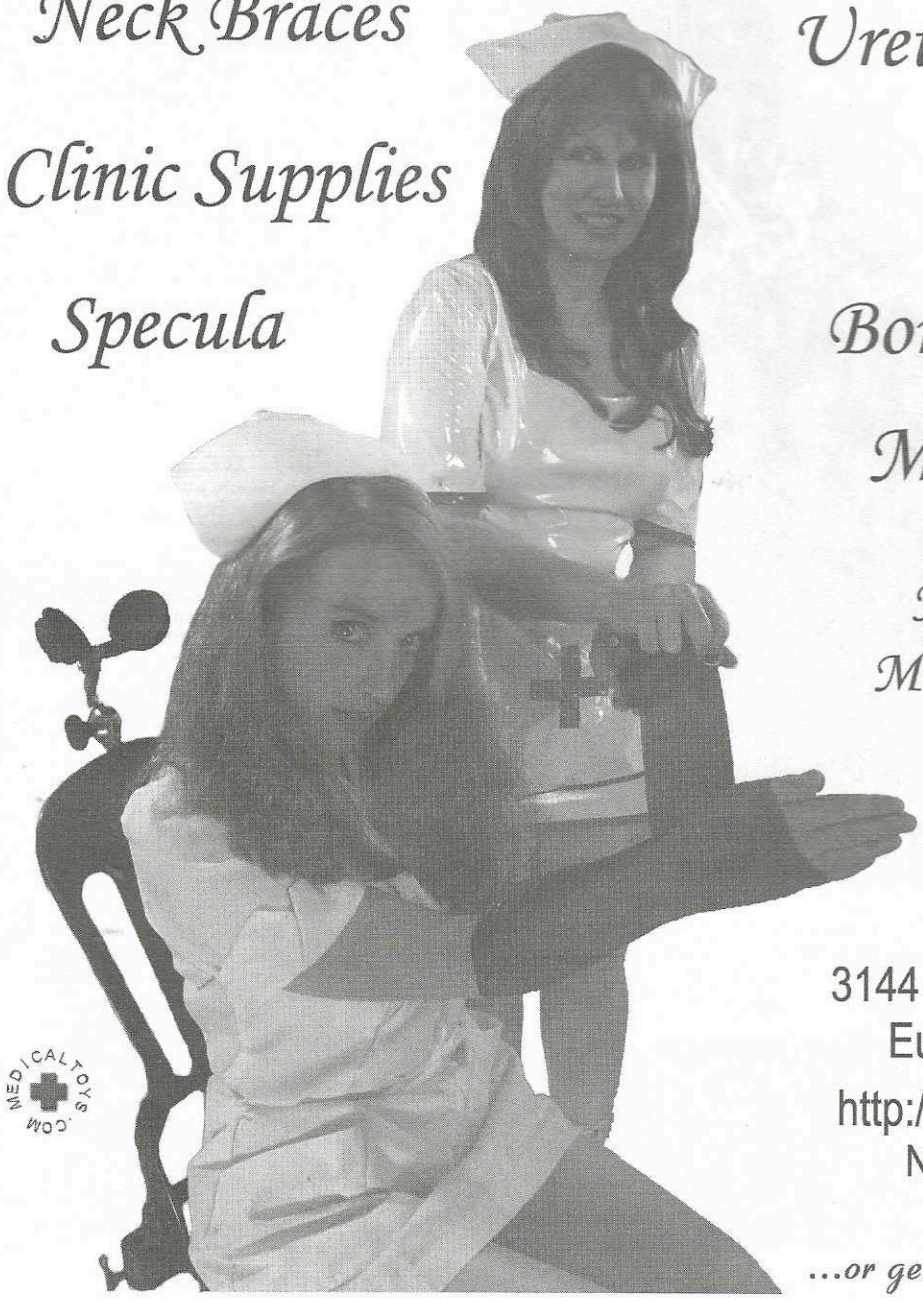

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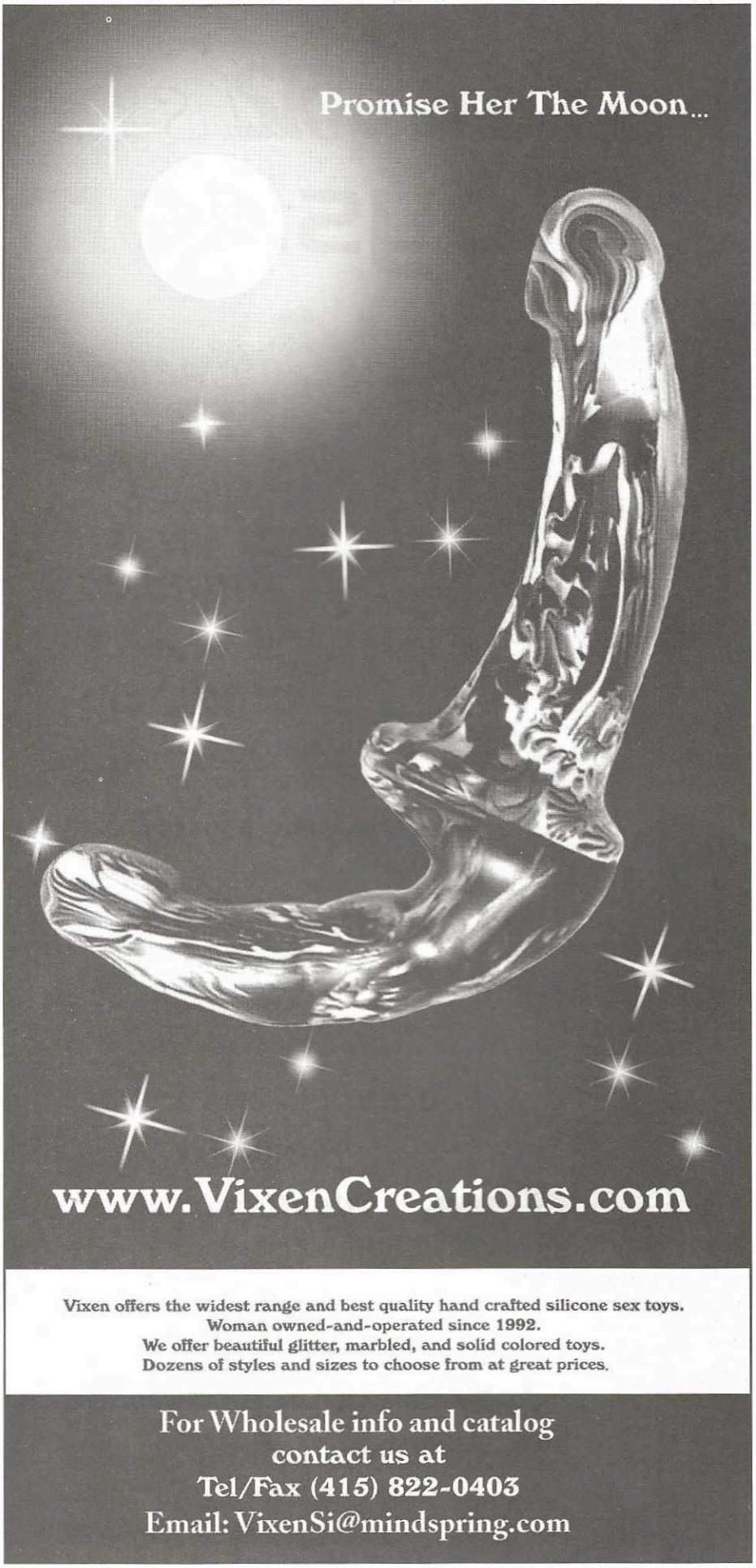

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Volume17 . Issue05

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San Francisco, CA 94110
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On Our Backs [ISSN # 0890-2224] is published bimonthly by H.A.F. Enterprises, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110. One-year subscriptions $34.95 [Canadian subscribers add $10, other foreign subscribers add $15]. Periodicals Postage Paid at San Francisco, CA and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to **On Our Backs,** d/b/a H.A.F. Enterprises, P.O. Box 500, Missouri City, TX 77459-0500

PRINTED IN CANADA

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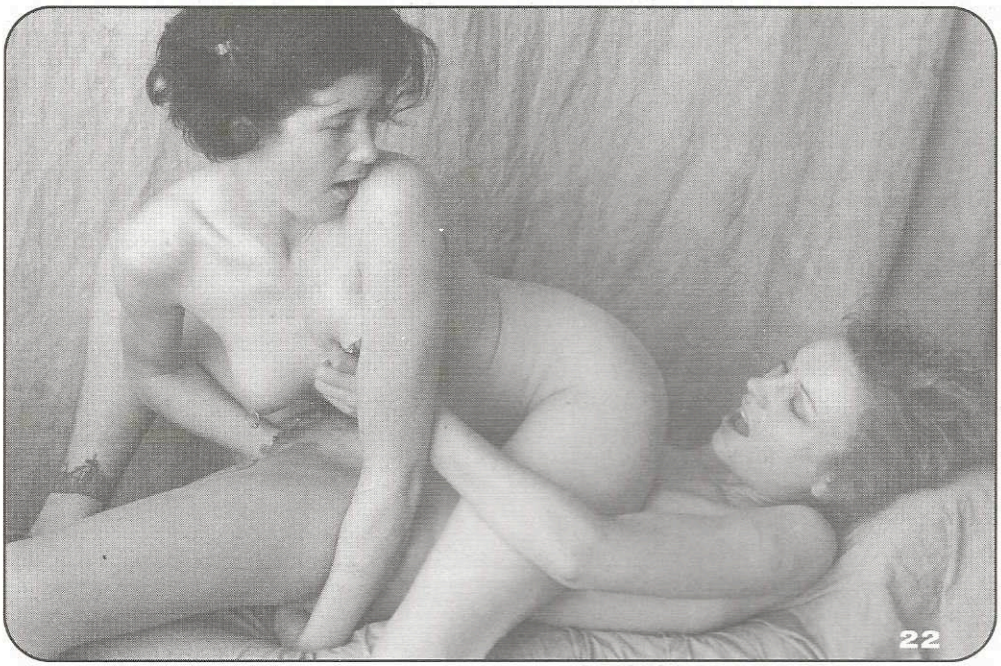

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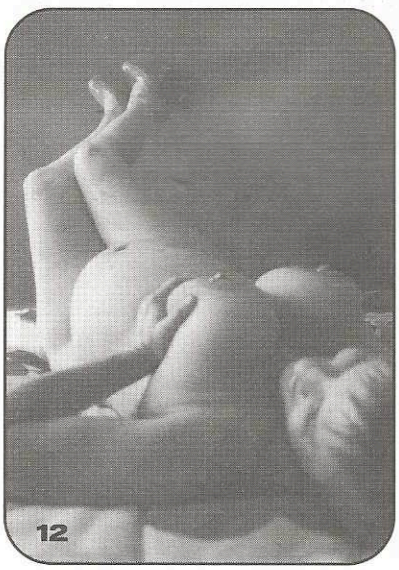
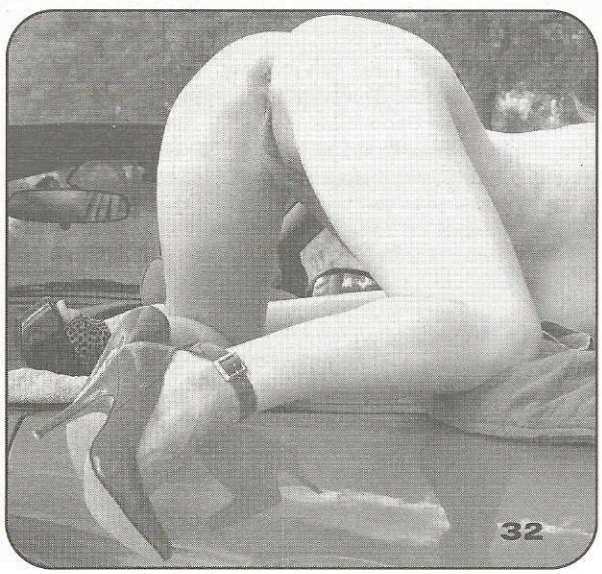




editor's.postcard

Oooh, Baby

I spotted this issue's cover model Bleu at a dyke stripping event as she circled the room, collecting tips for the dancers. Her legs went on forever–and so did her belly. By the time I bagged her and we were ready to photograph, she was nearly eight months along. Photographer Rebecca McBride, Bleu, her flaming femme galpal PAM!, our production assistant Rani, and I immediately gathered in my tiny flat to make pregnant lezzie porn. Rebecca liked the light from my bay windows, so Bleu, dressed only in her thigh-high platform boots, posed in front of the windows as passersby gawked, at first in disbelief and then admiration. We know you'll enjoy the results on page 12. And there's so much more! Anal sex guru Tristan Taormino gives us the scoop on hand-balling (p. 11), and I tell you all about slumber party porn on page 20. When you're done, turn to page 46 for tips on getting laid.

On a more somber note, the illustrator known to **On Our Backs** readers as DZ, whom Tom of Finland fans may have recognized as MATT, passed away last month after a long and creative life. We'll miss him.

XOXO,

Diana Cage

Diana Cage, Managing Editor

REBECCA MCBRIDE

Is she stacked, or what?

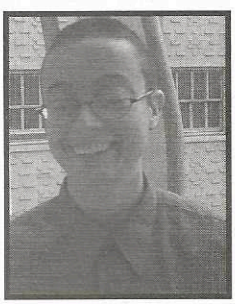
contributors

"I was proud to be on the cover with an ultra-sexy pregnant woman, in all her glory. I love **On Our Backs**," says pleasure activist and videographer, **PAM! Dore.** "When Bleu told me that she was going to have artificial insemination in order to have a baby, I asked if I could videotape the birth. In fact, we ended up documenting the insemination and entire pregnancy on video. It has been an amazing experience."

Sharon Wachsler, author of "To the Marrow" on page 38, is a rural femme with big dogs. She is thrilled to be entering the realm of lesbian fiction writing in **On Our Backs**, which she first saw on her college roommate's bed in 1989. Sharon's tales of lesbian sex can also be found in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2003* and *Burned into Memory* (forthcoming). Check out some of her other work at www.sickhumorpostcards.com and www.abilitymaine.org.

"What can I say? I like pregnant ladies! I was honored that **On Our Backs** asked me to shoot Bleu for the cover. It's about time pregnant ladies are featured as sexy beings in magazines," says our delightful cover photographer **Rebecca McBride**. Rebecca was born and raised in Indiana, studied photography at Columbia in Chicago, and now lives and works in San Francisco. You can see more of her work at www.rebeccamcbride.com.

Freelance writer and London resident **Dorothy Atcheson** interviewed Rockbitch on page 30. Dorothy was most recently the managing editor for content at www.rainbownetwork.com, the UK's largest gay and lesbian lifestyle portal. Dorothy has worked as a writer and editor in every variety of media over the past twenty years, but her greatest claim to fame was her five-year stint as an editor in the New York offices of *Playboy* in the early nineties.



"Now that I've read so many sex books, I'm looking for someone to try out all my new skills on," says **Marie McAllister**, author of "How to Be a Great Lay" (p.16). Editorial assistant at **On Our Backs**, Marie grew up in the Mojave Desert and has lived in the Bay Area for about a year. She is a practitioner of the martial arts and is seeking cute bois to spar with. Interested parties should send a letter to the editor.

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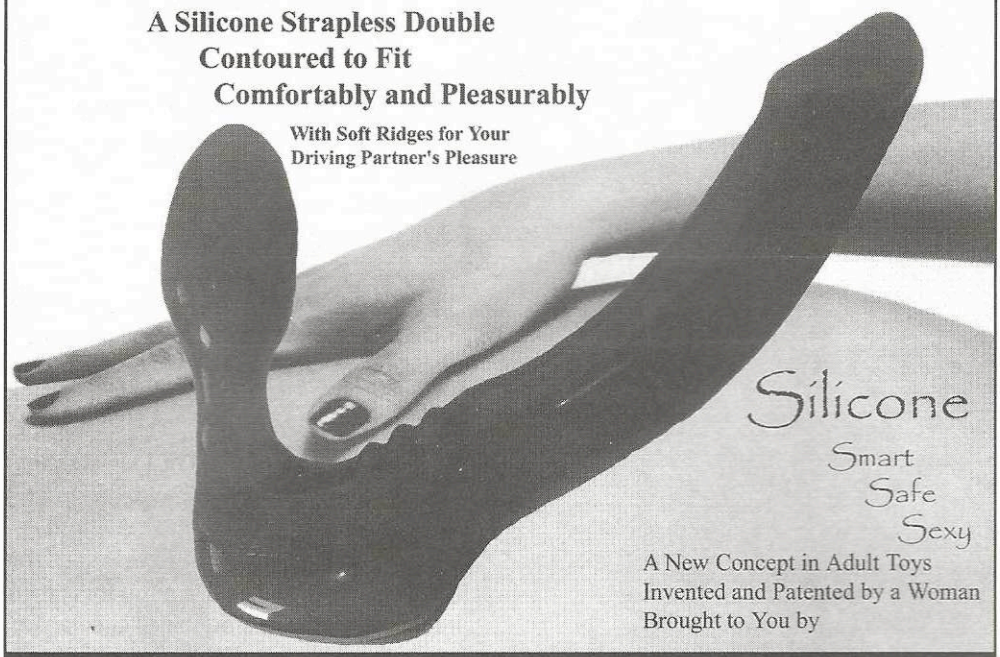

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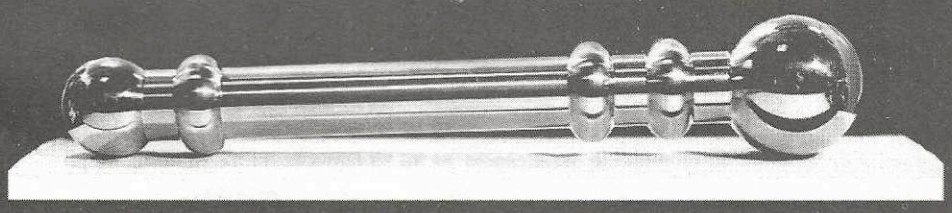

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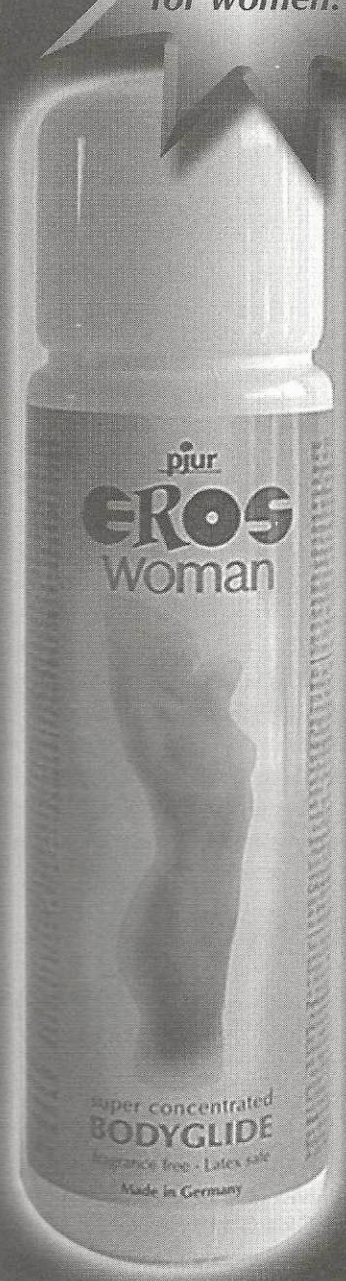

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letters

CHRISTINE KESSLER

Un-Covered Girls

October/November 2002 is one of your best covers yet. I knew I was in for a treat as soon as I opened the package. Mila and Bianca are a lovely couple with great tattoos. Thank you for putting out such a refreshingly honest, entertaining, and enlightening publication. I love turning on my friends to **On Our Backs**. You have great advertisers and wonderful Web links. I can't get enough. When will you go full-color and monthly?

Kim West
Des Moines, Iowa

I love the cover of December/January 2003. Zille and Alexi are a smoking-hot couple.

Rachel Heath
Via the Internet

I loved Zille and Alexi (Cover, and interview p. 30), and Daddy Clyde and Tamara (Good Girls Go to Heaven, p. 32) in the December/January 2003 issue. Thank Goddess for your butch-femme spin. **On Our Backs** is a great magazine. Keep up the good work.

Jenn [last name witheld]
Via the Internet

Like a Virgin

I'm an avid reader of your newsletter and I eagerly visit your Web site each month to check out the updated articles and pictures. Last month I went to the bookstore and bought my first hard copy of the magazine. It was so exciting, I felt like a little girl in a candy store. I even wrote an essay about the experience for the Web zine www.blackvenus.net. Thanks for putting together smut for women who love women. Keep up the great work.

Nasara Brown
Via the Internet

Cutting-Edge Lust

I would love to read a story about knife play. I have used a knife on my girlfriend twice and both times she loved it. Perhaps Adventure Girl could come up with something on the topic.

Celina [last name witheld]
Via the Internet

Sick of Strap-ons

On Our Backs strikes a good balance of BDSM and kink to vanilla sex, but you feature too many strap-ons. I'm a big fan of grrl/grrl, not grrl/boi. Also, as a Midwesterner, I think the magazine seems very coastal. But overall, I think **On Our Backs** is great. I love the black and white images. I just wish there were more of everything and that it was easier to find in my neck of the woods.

Belinda [last name witheld]
Cincinnati, Ohio

Being Latina myself, I'd like to see more women of color in **On Our Backs**. I love seeing my brown sisters get down and dirty. Please diversify your models. Is there any way to get more pictures of women without the strap-on? I love a grrl with a dick as much as the next chick, but I know that we lesbians are just as good with our mouths and hands. Thanks and keep up the good work, ladies.

G. [last name witheld]
Via the Internet

*We'd also like to see more women of color in **On Our Backs.** Sexy ladies, please send in your pics!*

Vanilla Cravings

I appreciate the fact that **On Our Backs** features sexually alternative subjects that other magazines couldn't handle. But it seems to me that you overrepresent BDSM and underrepresent vanilla sex. I think there are as many lesbians out there into vanilla sex as there are into SM and I know that I'm one of them. At the very least, you could give BDSM and softer sex topics equal time. I want to read a lesbian sex magazine, not a lesbian bondage magazine.

Nicole Yezman
Ashland, Oregon

On Our Backs should be in color. I would like to see more solo photos, better photography, and longer fiction pieces. You feature too much transgenderism and kink. I'd also like to see the ads confined to one section of the magazine, rather than interrupting the features and pictorials. And an amateur section, like *Hustler's* "Beaver Hunt" would be fun.

Catheryne Thorne
Via the Internet

We feel your pain and assure you that we have lots of yummy vanilla sex planned for upcoming issues.

On another note: in the December/January 2003 issue the gorgeous girl in the pictorial with Daddy Clyde ("Good Girls Go to Heaven," p. 32) is really named Julie, not Tamara. We're very sorry, Julie! You can send Daddy Clyde to the office to give us spankings.

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415.648.4705, or write **On Our Backs** magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

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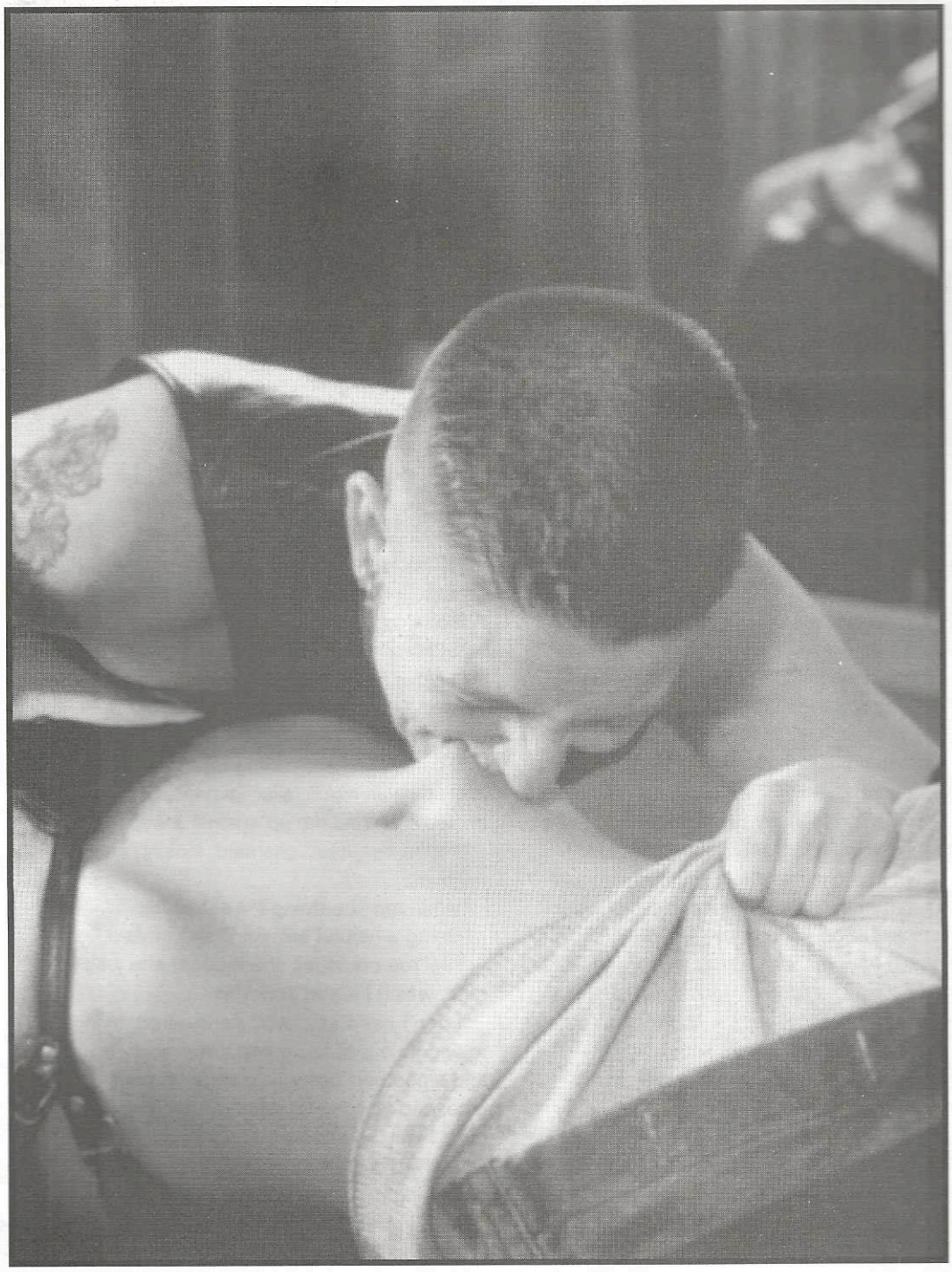

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OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Feeling Horny?

by Cara Bruce

illustration by Fish

For the past six months I've been working on an adult guidebook of San Francisco. I had to go to tons of sex toy stores, lingerie shops, and strip clubs. Some job, right?

Most of it was okay–pretty fun, actually. I guess when you introduce yourself as co-editor of a book called *Horny* you're opening yourself up for adventures.

At a North Beach strip club I got a kickass lap dance–for free. When the song was over, in a whisper I told the girl about *Horny*. She took my hand and led me to a back room so we could "talk." She sat down in a chair and told me that I should give her a lap dance so I could see what it was like. She was pretty: shoulder length brown hair, real tits, a toned body (must be all those pole squats), and a nice smile. What the hell, I thought. Isn't the saying, "Write about things you know?"

I could hear the music from the main room. I was hoping for that song from *Flashdance*, the one where she gets a bucket of water dumped on her, but it was some hip-hop song I didn't know. I started grinding my hips and doing that kind of squat-gyrate move. Going back up, I almost lost my balance and she pulled me closer. I sat on her lap, moving my hips and torso to the beat, kind of.

"Take off your shirt," she said. I complied. After all, she was the professional. By the end of the song, I felt like I kind of had the hang of it.

"You're a natural," she said, with that smile.

I pulled out a twenty for her. She didn't want it. Instead she asked for my phone number.

The next week while doing research for the chapter on shopping, I purchased a fist-shaped dildo larger than my thigh. Then, at a lingerie shop, I introduced myself to a really pretty girl standing by the counter and told her about *Horny*. She joked about wanting to make sure the store got a good review, and then mentioned the helpful staff. I laughed politely and started to browse, jotting down a few notes, when I noticed that the girl had not stopped staring at me. A leopard-print thing–I don't have any idea what these items are called–caught my eye, so I picked it up and went back to the dressing rooms. I was already out of my clothes when the salesgirl opened the door and came in. The dressing room was tiny and she was much taller than me. She immediately had me up against a wall.

"You're beautiful," she said, looking into my eyes.

"What are you doing?" I asked her.

"Being a helpful salesgirl," she replied, wittily. You could tell she thought she was cute, which I found annoying.

"I don't need any help," I answered, trying to wiggle out of her grasp. She reached up and smoothed some hair away from my face, and I began to suspect that she was nuts. I was so shocked I had forgotten I was pretty much naked, until she started devouring my body with her eyes.

Now, I rarely fuck people I don't know and I try not to fuck people who I know are crazy. But there was something about it all, something erotic about being in a tight space with a hot girl who, as far as I could tell, had forgotten to take her medication. By this point she had a hand on my tit and was squeezing my nipple. Fuck it, I thought, it's just sex in the dressing room, no big deal. So when she leaned in to kiss me, I kissed her back.

She was a pretty good kisser, and not surprisingly, an aggressive lover. She had her hand down my panties in no time. Her fingers played me like a drill team running laps. She had one finger up me while the others raced me to the finish line. I had to bite her shirt to keep from screaming. I was massaging her tits, which were nice, and had my knee jammed into her crotch, her thighs squeezing tight around it. She was whispering something into my neck and I swear she called me a slut. That distracted me for a second, as I admired her honesty. Then I began to wonder who was watching the customers, which naturally turned into a flash of disappointment at a missed opportunity to commit a crime. She pushed another finger into my cunt, and before I knew it I was focused again and coming. I grabbed onto her arms and squeezed to make her stop.

there was something erotic about being in a tight space with a hot girl who had forgotten to take her medication.

My body relaxed against her as she withdrew her hand. We stood there for a second, until finally I said, "Shouldn't you go out there? Someone might want to buy something."

"Oh, I don't work here," she said. "My girlfriend does. I just wanted to make sure you gave her store a good review."

The rest of the book wasn't quite as eventful. But it sure beats the fuck out of tech writing.

Cara Bruce is the editor of *Best Bisexual Women's Erotica*, *Viscera*, *Best Fetish Erotica*, and the author of *The First Year–Hepatitis C*.

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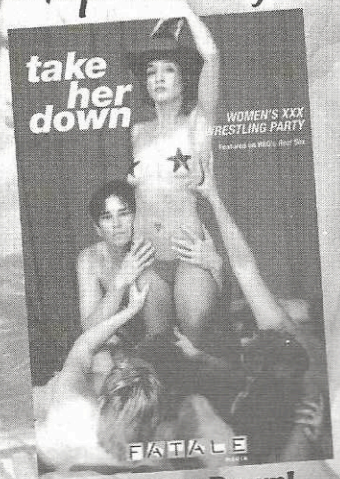

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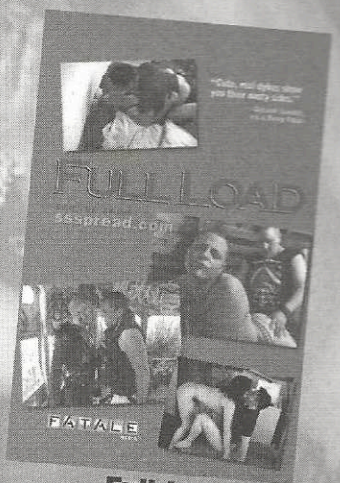

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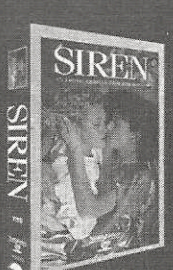
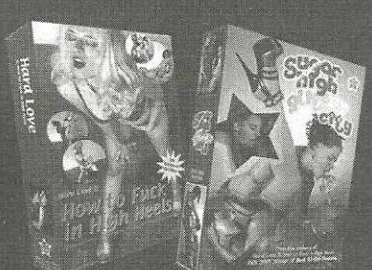


Siren



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Probe Nina

CHLOE ATKINS

Tootsie Titillation

I'm dating a woman who has hinted rather strongly that she gets off on all things related to her feet. But part of the thrill is having me guess what gives her the most pleasure. What do you suggest I do to make sure I do more than give a great foot massage or toe suck?

The best way to tell if your partner is having a good time is to read her body language. Moaning, lolling about languidly, breathing heavily, begging to be fucked, and masturbating are all signs that she is digging it. Knowing how to give a foot massage is a good skill for any lover. Rub deeply enough to elicit an authentic response. Use fragrant massage oil. Also, try asking her what she wants when you're not having sex, so you can more competently play the what-does-she-want game. Being too coy isn't attractive in an adult partner, overall.

Need It Bad

My partner is recovering from childhood sexual abuse and has told me that she doesn't feel comfortable having sex any longer. She reassures me that she desires me, we shop for sex toys together to use solo, and that's fun. We're intimate, we're loving, but I really want to get fucked.

You have some delicate negotiations to do, my dear. While she has the absolute right to pull back from sexual contact, you have the absolute right to get fucked as you need. Can either of you contemplate you having a fuck buddy? Can you stand the idea of having sex with someone with whom you don't have a romantic attachment?

Unequal sexual desire is the death of many a relationship. There is no shame in no longer being able to fulfill each other's needs as you grow in different directions. She may feel hurt or rejected, but your sexual needs are as important as hers. She may or may not get her desire back in time for you to still want her. Have a discussion and come to a decision before resentment and frustration eat you–and your relationship–from within. Good luck!

Bashful Bottom

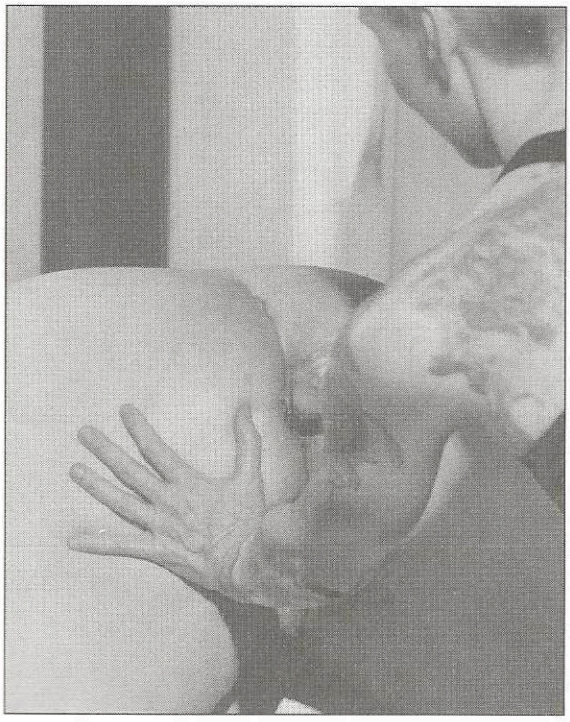
I have been seeing this FTM I really like. I know that he practices BDSM with his other sex partner (a top who sounds quite experienced). I am feeling nervous about initiating any BDSM play with him, because I'm very inexperienced. I think I am a pretty strong bottom, but I know that he is a switch–what are the chances that he would be a good person for me to learn with? Should I expect that there will be limits on what we will be able to do, since I am not his primary partner?

Congratulations on finding someone you'd like to explore this with. If you like each other, you will most certainly like your first taste of BDSM. To let yourself get into the bottom space and be taken care of by a top is a wonderful experience and you will want more. It can also release powerful romantic feelings (which are not always returned) toward the top. BDSM is a sophisticated play style that requires self-awareness, communication, negotiation, and openness. Since topping is a different skill set, I doubt he will switch with you, at least for a while. He may introduce his primary partner into your sessions or not, depending on their previous agreement. Just take it one session at a time and–most importantly–keep talking about what is going on.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; Fax: 415.648.4705 e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Fist Her Ass

by Tristan Taormino



Although gay leathermen pioneered the practice of anal fisting, they no longer have the market cornered. Plenty of dykes already know the pleasures of vaginal fisting, and many of us have gone knocking on the backdoor in search of anal ecstasy. Rectal fisting fans describe it as an intense, intimate, even spiritual experience. So dust off those red hankies, and get ready for my guide to the new school of butt-balling.

1. Clean Out.

Although it's optional for most anal play, an enema is a must for anal fisting. A clean rectum makes penetration safer and more comfortable for everyone. Have an enema at least two hours beforehand to give your body time to recover. Plus, the thin layer of mucous that coats the rectum needs to regenerate, because it helps protect sensitive tissue. Use plain warm water and rinse until it comes out clear.

2. Relax.

In our stressful world, chilling out can be a tall order, but your body has to be relaxed so that those all-important sphincter muscles will be open to the task. Take a warm bath, have a massage, or for you multi-orgasmic chicks, get off, since having an orgasm is a great way to relax all over!

3. Be Present.

Anal fisting can be a powerful, even a little scary experience, so both the fister and the fistee should be one hundred percent present. My preference is for all parties involved to be sober, because drugs and alcohol impair your judgment, dull your senses, and could result in pushing your body further than you should. So take a pass on the poppers.

4. Play Safe.

Whether or not you regularly use them for penetration, latex gloves (or non-latex for those with a sensitivity) make your hand into a smooth, seamless tool for pleasure. They protect the bottom's bottom from jagged nails and any other rough edges that might irritate her ass.

5. Lube, Lube, Lube.

Leave that Crisco in the kitchen! While it may be okay for leatherboys, if Crisco makes its way into your pussy–and inevitably some will–it will hang around and give you an infection. Use a water-based or silicone lubricant that's the consistency of hair gel. Thicker lubes (AstroGel, Maximus, and Eros Gel, for example) dry up less quickly and have a cushioning effect inside the delicate rectum. Reapply lube to your hand as often as needed. Once you get up to four fingers, you can pour lube onto the palm of your hand, and let it slide down onto your fingers inside.

6. Work Up to It.

Using fingers and toys, you want to stimulate the ass as you gradually get it to open up. The trick with anal fisting is to do enough play to get it open but not so much that you make it tired and sore. Figure out what works best for the fistee, whether it's finger thrusting, dildo fucking, or butt-plug training.

7. Plug It.

Using a butt plug is a great way to warm up someone's ass for anal penetration, and using several plugs in increasing sizes is even better. Put a plug in her ass, then lick her pussy, finger-fuck her, spank her, do whatever it takes to get her aroused. Take that plug out and replace it with a bigger one. I especially like to work my way up to a big butt plug with a wide neck, which not only relaxes the ass, but opens the sphincter muscles.

8. To Clit or Not to Clit.

Some women say that if you are working their clits, you can put whatever you want in their asses. That's because clitoral stimulation gets their bodies aroused and their entire genital regions engorged. Others say that if you touch their clits, they clench down, which makes anal penetration less comfortable. You have to figure out which method works for you. Won't it be fun figuring it out?

9. On Our Backs.

Once you have worked your way up to three or four fingers or a sizeable toy, find a comfortable position, because eventually you'll be far enough into the process that you won't want to stop to reposition. Some people prefer to be on their backs, face-to-face with their partners with access to nipples, pussy, and clit. Some people prefer doggie style for fisting because it allows deeper penetration.

10. Communicate.

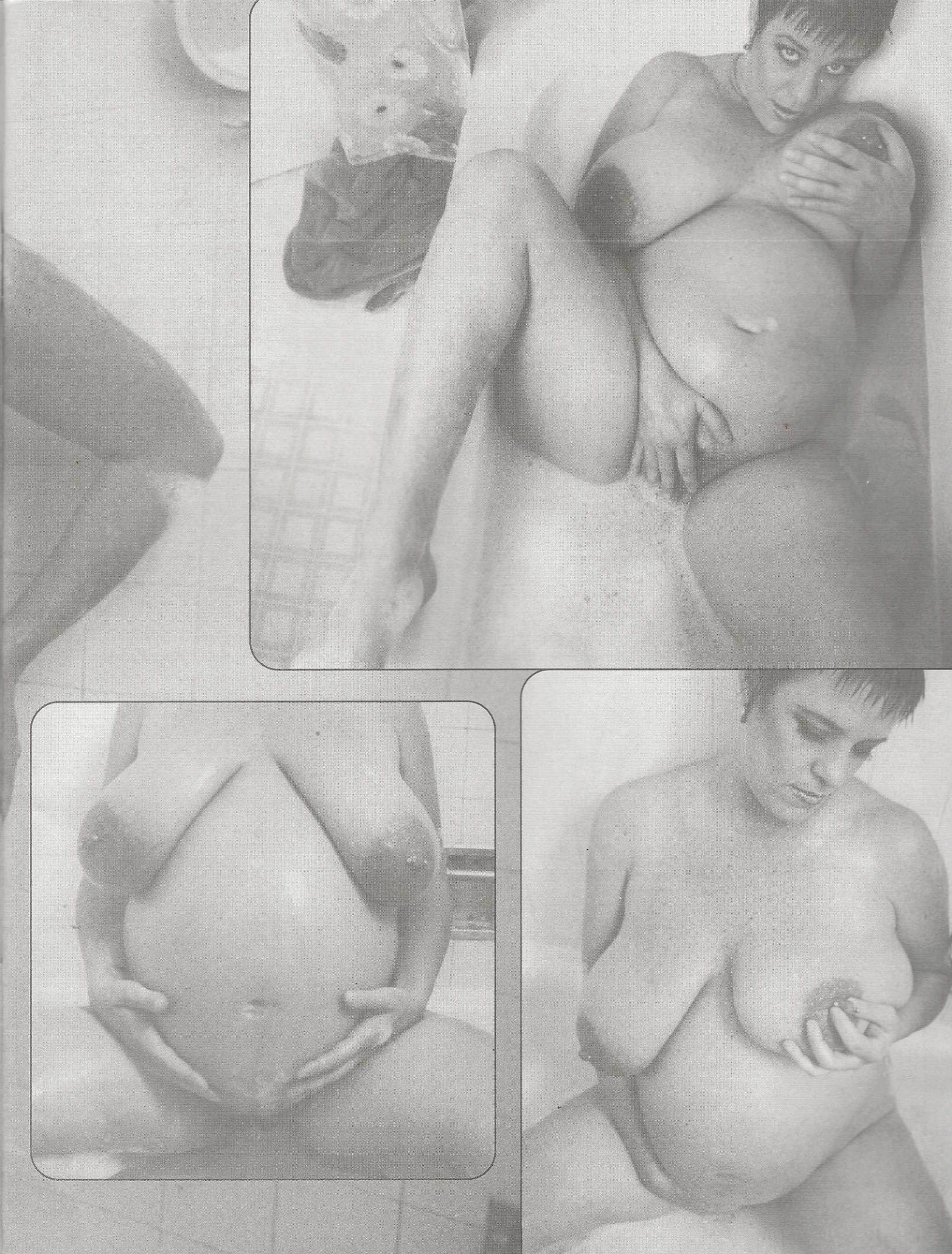
Talk to your partner as you play with her ass. The fister should check in regularly, and the fistee should call the shots: when to back off, when to move to something bigger, whether she wants more in-and-out or a higher speed on the vibrator. Likewise, talk to each other afterward. Find out what worked and what you can do better. Then you'll be sure there's a next time. oob

HOT MAMA

Beautiful Bleu shows us how sexy pregnancy can be

photography by
Rebecca McBride

Name: Bleu Rae
Age: 35
Location: Sacramento
Identity: Dyke
Status: Single
Her favorite thing about being pregnant: When you're preggers your entire genital area is engorged with a greater blood flow, so it takes very little to get off. There are many, many mornings where I wake up and grab my vibe and use it for all of fifteen seconds before a huge orgasm overtakes me.
Her favorite position for getting off: It gets difficult to reach toward the end! I am usually on my back, propped up against pillows.
Her favorite toy: While preggo, my vibe. When not preggo, my giant dildos and a tray of icecubes.
Her favorite position for fucking: Hands and knees, on my back, standing, upside down, any way a fist can get leverage.
How she felt at the shoot: I had so much fun at the photo shoot. The photographer, Rebecca, had me panting and dripping. Since I was too big to fit into any of my clothes, I was really happy I got to wear my shoes. I felt sexy and cherish the day.
Who she's with on the cover: Pam is a best friend, a fellow fierce femme who is making a documentary about my pregnancy. We met at an orgy at her house years ago and have been very close ever since. **dc**



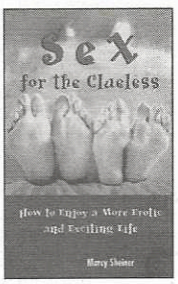
How to Be a Great Lay

Our staff of sexperts rounded up all the books on how to fuck. Whether you're a total perv or strictly vanilla—we'll help you decide which guide to keep in your nightstand.

by Marie McAllister and Diana Cage

Sex for the Clueless

by Marcy Sheiner
[Citadel Press]

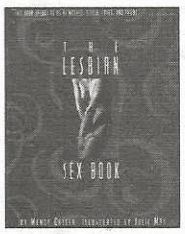


Marcy Sheiner, former **On Our Backs** editor and editor of the *Herotica* and *Best Women's Erotica* series, is the author of this fast, entertaining read. Though the primary focus is on heterosexual sex, the techniques and ideas presented in the book can be utilized by anyone. Particularly useful are chapters in emotional nurturance, self-care, and the importance of communication in any type of relationship. Sheiner addresses many of the sex-negative attitudes and perceptions still prevalent in America today, and suggests ways to become more comfortable with our sexual needs and expressions. As Sheiner states, "The more you are exposed to sexual openness, the more open you yourself become!" Sheiner uses both humor and practical advice to inspire us to further our knowledge and enjoyment of sexuality.

Bottom line: self-help for the sex shy.

The Lesbian Sex Book

by Wendy Caster
[Alyson Books]

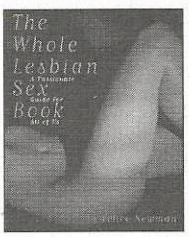


Caster has created a fairly comprehensive, non-intimidating guide for the lesbian community. Alphabetically organized by topic, this is a great sort of reference book, but not necessarily one I would just sit down and read straight through. General topics such as lesbian terminology, sex toys, and various positions are included, but there are some oversights. For example, there is nothing about transgender issues and polyamory, and there is limited inclusion of other queer-identified women. In answer to this problem, the book has recently been updated by **On Our Backs** editorial assistant Rachel Kramer Bussel, and is due out this summer. This version is still useful, and is especially recommended for those who are newly out and hungry for non-intimidating guidance.

Bottom line: a gentle beginning.

The Whole Lesbian Sex Book

by Felice Newman
[Cleis Press]



Felice Newman, founding editor of Cleis Press, brings us an erotic cornucopia filled with useful and stimulating information for the novice and experienced alike. Everything from BDSM to stimulation tips for strap-on sex, fantasies, safe-sex guidelines, and health concerns. Includes frequently overlooked topics like analingus, breast play, and the oft-confusing, symbolic hanky color coding–even the most skilled dyke will have something to learn! Newman supplies loads of fabulous resources—Web sites, books, hotlines, and magazines—to encourage our sensual explorations. Presenting a tempting array of exercises, ideas, tips, toys, and just plain good advice, this guide is a wealth of resources for all kinds of queer women everywhere.

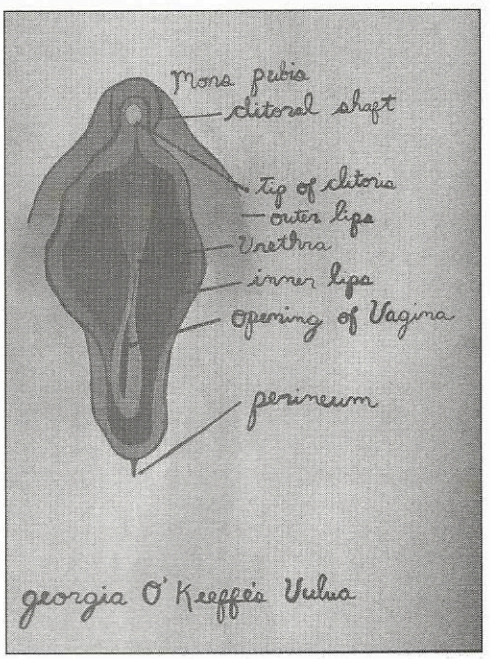
Bottom line: would-be sexperts read this.

The Clitourist

by Karen Salmansohn
Illustrated by Trisha Krauss
[Universe Books]

This is "clitourism" at it's finest! Whether you are an occasional sightseer or a seasoned traveler, you will find this guide to be an invaluable atlas of uncharted regions. Beautifully illustrated, Krauss's artwork is vibrant and colorful, and Salmansohn gives us intrepid explorers everything we need to plan our itinerary. She discusses the structure, anatomy, and function of the clitoris, and even gives us some historical knowledge about the origin of the vibrator. If you have a clitoris, or love someone who does, this cute little book is for you. And remember, it's not about the destination–it's about the journey! Happy trails...

Bottom line: cool pictures, hot info.

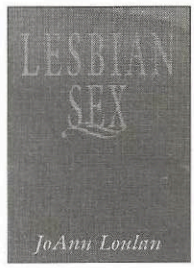


Portrait of the artist

Lesbian Sex

by JoAnn Loulan
[Spinster's Ink]

JoAnn Loulan is a psychotherapist, former **On Our Backs** columnist, and author of many books on lesbian sex and relationships. Her focus is on teaching us to



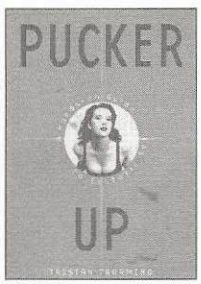
accept and love ourselves and each other. *Lesbian Sex* was pioneering for its time (published in 1984) but now seems a bit outdated. There is an excellent selection of "homework exercises" to be practiced either with a lover or by yourself. Loulan goes into great detail about the process of coming out, the harmful effects of homophobia, drug and alcohol abuse, negative body image, and racial, sexual, and class stereotypes. But diversities of lesbian sexual expression such as butch-femme dynamics, BDSM, and polyamory are only superficially addressed. Loulan's work can be a great help to those of us who are struggling with accepting and embracing our sexuality. Still, I found this book more educational than enticing.

Bottom line: strictly vanilla.

Pucker Up: A Hands-on Guide to Ecstatic Sex

by Tristan Taormino
[Regan Books]

Former **On Our Backs** editor, and Adventure Girl, Tristan Taormino's witty and thorough guide to great sex is not specifically written for dykes, but the sexpert herself is one. Taormino's approach is all-inclusive. She thoroughly covers the basics including sexual anatomy, arousal, the response cycle, communication and sexual standards like hand jobs and oral sex. But she also gives lots of attention to topics like fetishes, role-playing, anal sex, and BDSM. She even rates sex toys, points out great design and recommends products you'd never hear about elsewhere. Her approach is no-holds-barred and she responds honestly to topics other sex-guides might shy away from. Plus, she has test-driven all her own advice. Not many other sexperts can truly say that.



Bottom line: picks up where other books leave off.

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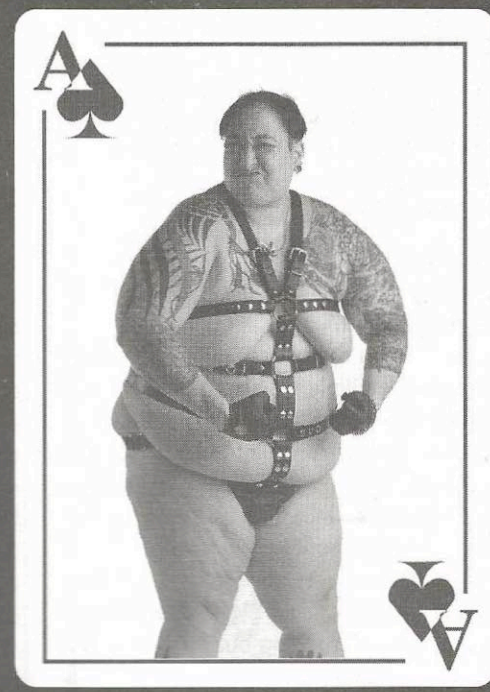

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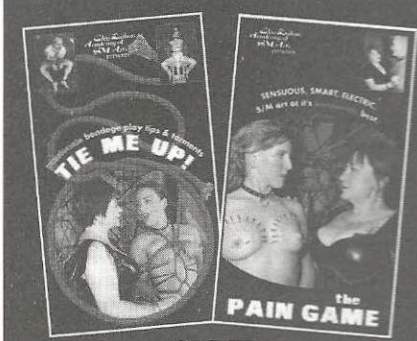

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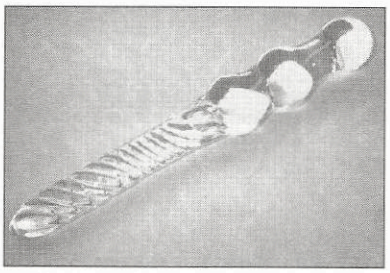


The Ripple

[Lion and Bear, $150]

The Ripple is quite possibly the most wonderful thing I've ever been fucked with that isn't a body part. My attachment to this baby borders on the obsessive. I've never had so many multiple orgasms. Did I mention that it makes me ejaculate? Glass is completely smooth and non-porous, so lube it up and it stays slippery forever. It's cool when it first slides in, but it quickly warms to body temperature. The big love balls on the ripple end are very stimulating, and the twisty end makes a mind-blowing anal toy.

Bottom line: i'm running out of sheets. **dc**

Love Oil

[Sensua Organics, $17.56]

My girlfriend and I are hippie lesbatronics at heart. We buy nutritional yeast, eat flax-seed oil, and take herbal supplements, so we were pretty excited about organic lube. I recognize everything on the label, and the ingredients are all natural. The lube is silky, slippery, and smooth, with a sweet scent and taste that actually makes you hungry for *more*. It worked quite well on our sex toys, and washed off easily. The best part is, my massage therapist girlfriend gave me a great rubdown afterward!

Bottom line: all natural nookie. **mp**

Paulchen II

[Fun Factory TK $40]

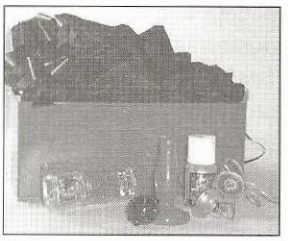
This is my new favorite thing in the whole wide world–better than new guitar strings, better than soba noodles, and better than mint floss. Paulchen II's bright-green color and adorable cartoon worm design satisfy the silly kid in me. Its smooth, odorless silicone surface, subtle ridges, and solid vibrations satisfy the big-girl me. Whether you prefer the deep down penetration of a good dildo or the tickling action of a small vibe, this super-cute toy will make you squeal. Assuming you'll use this toy *a lot*, Fun Factory made the dial ergonomically correct to prevent carpal tunnel. Did I mention you can use it underwater?

Bottom line: FUN! **ag**

Devil Boy Pack

[Toys in Babeland TK $42]

This gift pack contains a pretty good set of tools for enhancing strap-on sex: a stretchy silicone vibrating cock ring, red silicone butt plug, bottle of Slippery Stuff, and a bumpy rubber cock ring. Slip the cute plug into her ass and the vibrating ring on your cock and drive your lady wild. I also liked wearing the cock ring around my fingers and watching my gal's face light up as I plumbed her G spot. I even managed to stretch it around my wrist, giving her a bit of clit action while fisting her. The non-vibrating cock ring also felt great, but wasn't exciting enough to get off on.

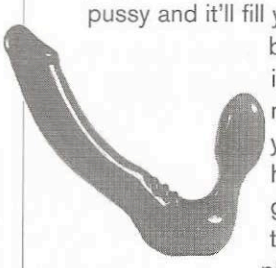


Bottom line: a cool tool kit. **ap**

Feeldoe

[Tantus TK $75]

This silicone double-dildo works well with or without a harness. Its ingenious design gets you off while you get her off. One end is plug-shaped, the other is a standard dick. The plug end stays put–slip it into your pussy and it'll fill you up while you bang your girlfriend into next week. For more stability, or if you just like wearing a harness, don your gear, slip the dick end through the hole, the plug end into your own hole, and fuck away! It's a pretty purple color, and it's got just the right amount of give to feel good without flopping around.



Bottom line: fun for two. **dc**

click.it

Gothicsluts.com

Gothicsluts celebrates the seductive and erotic trappings of subcultures with a dark or dangerous edge. Bloodletting, blasphemy, and good old sapphic sex all make appearances in the many galleries created by Amelia G. and Forrest Black, the duo behind the goth erotica print magazine, *Blue Blood*. Having shot in the past for fetish magazines like *Skin Two* and *Marquis*, their work is simultaneously slick, smart, and sexy. Fetish enthusiasts will recognize some of the top names in the scene like Yolanda and Ivy and other subculture divas like kinky dyke femme bottom Zille. The design and functionality of the site are top quality and with over 6,000 images currently hosted, you won't soon reach your fill. **mg**

Gothicsluts

Barelyevil.com

The girls of Barelyevil are mischievous little imps, clothed in schoolgirl uniforms, and hair done in pigtails but having a little too much fun with their lollipops. Other images combine punk and prepubescence perfectly, like fetish model Scar's galleries in which she rubs a safety-pinned teddy bear across her nearly flat chest. Many professional sites boast "real" or "amateur" perv girls, but this site delivers the real deal, naughty little girls who really do dress, party, and fuck the way it says they do. **mg**

Faeriefantasies.com

This site features an array of complex fantasies and storylines in which the players are all winged and dusted creatures that twinkle and fly. They may look delicate, but these creatures are by no means dainty. In this faerie world, there are genderfucking boi fauns, glitter-covered orgies, and winged creatures in bondage. Presiding over these adventures is a queen with a taste for rough sex and nimble bodies. Made by and for lesbians, the best part of faeriefantasies is that the sprites fuck like real queer girls with some great fisting shots to prove it. **On Our Backs** subscribers receive a special discount with their membership. **mg**

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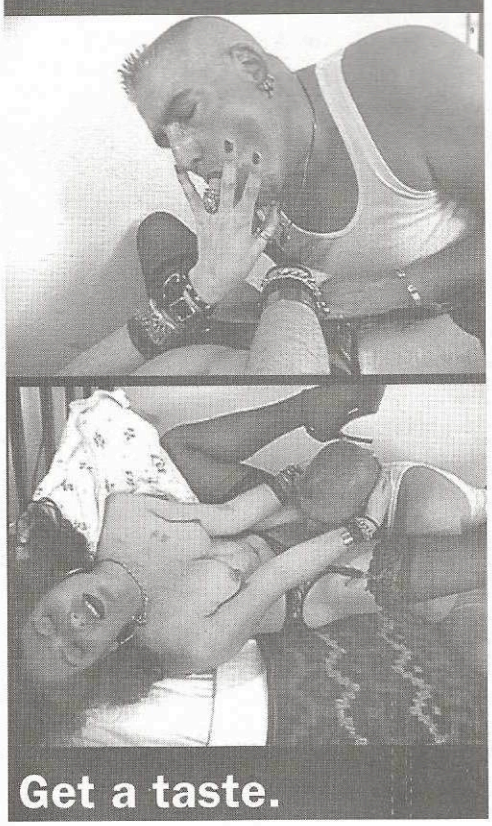

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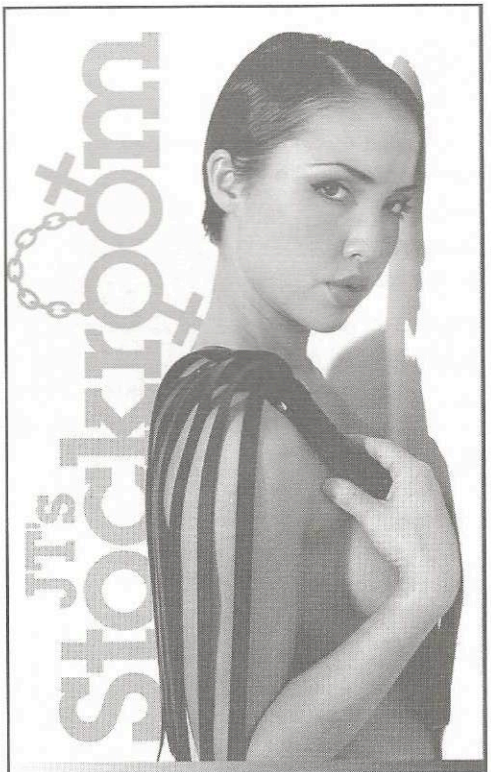

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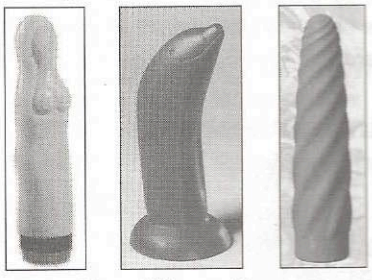

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Slumber Party Porno

by Diana Cage

The mere mention of a slumber party invokes visions of sapphic experimentation. What's not to like about a group of scantily clad young girls, all bedding down together in one room? The slumber party theme is often exploited by mainstream porn, but the Shane's Slumber Party *series is about as good as the genre gets. The premise is simple: Shane invites a bevy of very young and enthusiastic hotties to spend the weekend with her in some sex-toy-stocked exotic locale. The camera follows the girls as they pair off for extended impromptu sex sessions.*

Most of the actresses have natural bodies; implants are the exception rather than the rule. And they all seem to sincerely like each other. No, they aren't all authentic lesbians, but they definitely have a good time getting down and getting each other off. There are lots of screaming, gushing orgasms, often multiple, and a few of the girls are ejaculators. Not every video in the series is as inspired as it could be, so here are few to check out.

Slumber Party 8

[Odyssey Group Video, 1999]

Palm Springs is the setting in this somewhat spotty, but overall good installment. An abundance of oral sex scenes and genuine chemistry between the actresses give this video an authentic lesbian feel. In one scene, a cute brunette with endearingly bad teeth and a European accent ejaculates repeatedly after some dildo and pocket rocket-induced orgasms. Stunned and envious, the other girls deify her and beg her to give them squirting pointers. It's genuinely useful information if you've never done it, and as proof, after the lesson one of the other actresses gives it a whirl and drenches the bed. A stunning, aggressive redhead and a beautiful Asian woman have really hot, enthusiastic sex during the orgiastic finale.

Bottom line: squirting 101.

Slumber Party 11

[Odyssey Group Video, 2000]

This party has good, strong sex scenes, lots of strap-on fucking, and raunchy behavior, but there's absolutely no dialog or connective material before the fucking begins. If you're looking for foreplay, this video will disappoint you. The girls are really into what they're doing and there is one very long, very hot, hard-core strap-on scene on the pool table. Skip past the gratuitous shot of one gal stuffing a billiard ball into her pussy and attempting to shoot it into the pockets. This video also has some great ejaculation sequences.

Bottom line: hit and miss.

Slumber Party 12

[Odyssey Group Video, 2000]

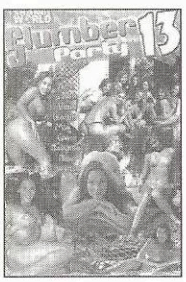
This time around we have a beach theme. The girls head down to Mexico for Spring Break. The video opens with all the actresses wearing bikinis and riding around on ATVs. To be honest, I was far too worried someone would get hurt to find it erotic, but the girls seem to be having a good time–maybe the seats vibrate. The opening sex scene takes place on the beach. Blond, tanned, surfer girls have some really exciting, old fash-ioned lesbian sex–no toys, just mouths and hands. Then two women in the shower have extremely hot sex until one of them explodes and the camera zooms in on her pussy as it spasms in amazingly strong and visible post-orgasmic aftershocks. Wow.

Bottom line: for outdoor enthusiasts.

Slumber Party 13

[Odyssey Group Video, 2000]

In number thirteen, the bevy of beauties hang out at a pool party. Someone starts passing around a bottle of tequila and before you can say "orgy," they're doing body shots off each other's nipples. Personally, I have the sex drive of a teenage boy so I thought this was great. If you're more mature than I am, you may want to fast forward. A poolside three-way has some of the dirtiest sex talk I've heard between two women in any video, les-bian or mainstream. And the woman wielding the strap-on in this scene has clearly done it a few times before.



Bottom line: poolside pussy party.

Slumber Party 18

[Odyssey Group Video, 2002]

Slumber Party 18 is just plain silly. The first ten minutes of this video has the girls inhaling helium balloons and making funny voices for each other. I'm trying to imagine who might be turned on by this. Helium fetishists? Then, inexplicably, they begin wrestling. Not in any sort of sexually suggestive way, just wrestling. And they are bad at it–though one of the actresses wears a pink marabou-trimmed panty and bra that gave me lingerie-envy. Next we're treated to a group scene that, despite heavy reliance on toys, is truly inspired. Inexplicably, the subsequent sex scenes take place in a bowling alley. Really. Right there on the varnished maple floor. I'll tell you right now, no one gets done with a bowling pin, so you perverts might as well stop hoping.

Bottom line: more goofing off than getting off.

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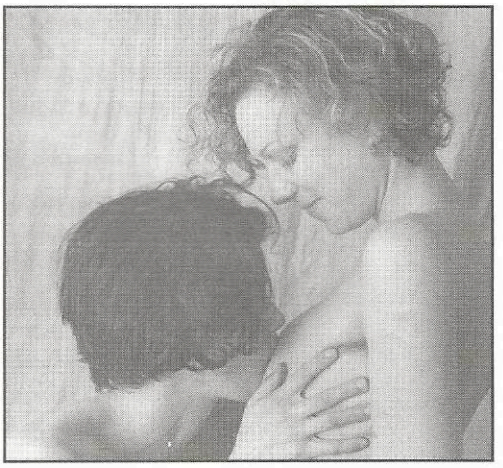
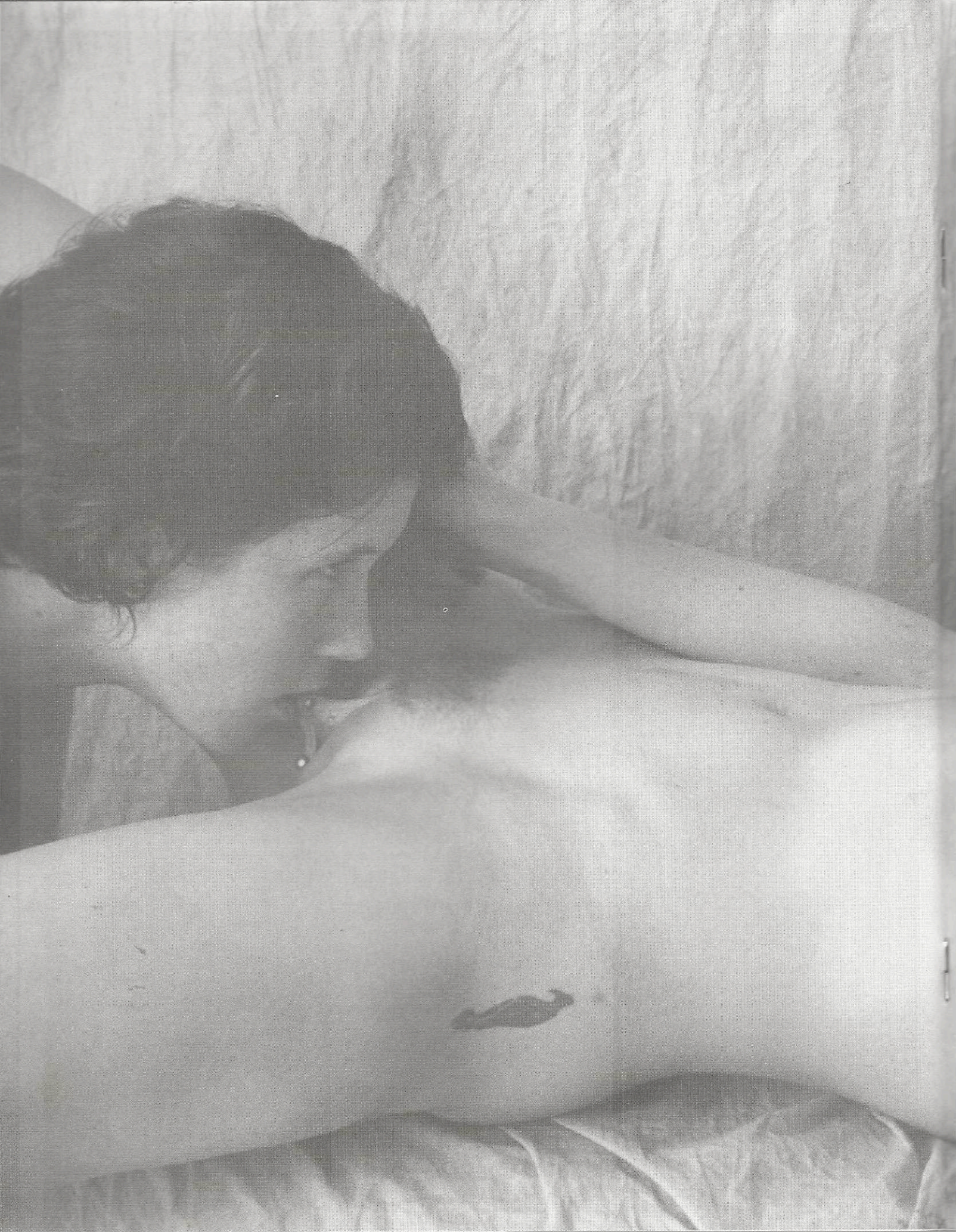
Sometimes a good fuck is all you need...

photography by Michael Rosen



After a long, hard day at work, Katie badly needed a little sexual healing. "It might be Valentine's Day, but screw the flowers and candy," she thought. "What I really want is some action." She could hardly wait for her girlfriend Seana to come home and give her the good loving she craved. Eager to get the party started, she crawled naked into bed to wait. But Seana was late, and after a while, Katie felt sleepy and drifted off. When Seana got home and saw her delicious girlfriend sleeping naked, she dove right between her thighs, devouring her wet pussy until Katie awoke in the throes of an explosive orgasm. **dc**



OnOurBacks

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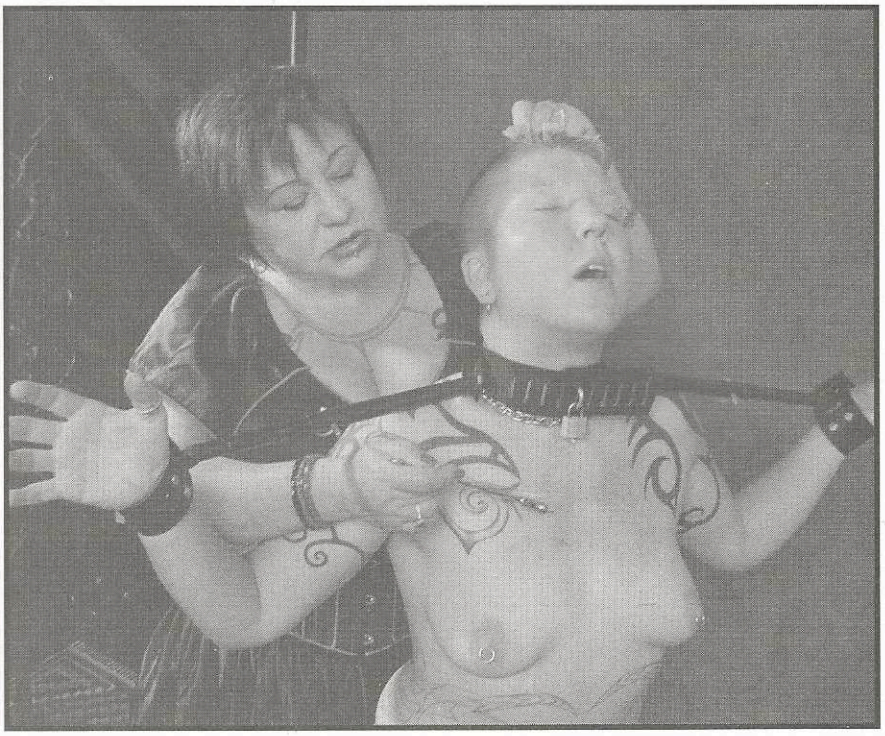


OPENING the DOORS to PLEASURE

Intense sex play transforms a domme and her boi

by Cleo Dubois with Neo • photography by Fakir Musafar

It all started when a sweet boy named Barry called me from his sling. "Hey Lady, come over here and fist me. You have small hands…".

I fell in love with leathermen's sex rituals at the Catacombs, the now infamous gay men's fisting/SM club that thrived in San Francisco during the eighties. I remember the first time I fisted someone. I stopped in the middle, feeling squeamish at the intensity of the act, and then went back for more. The next Saturday night I got fisted for the first time. Surrounded by a family of queer men having intense leathersex, I came, cried, laughed, and screamed, "I am home!"

I used to be quite happy with my straight, vanilla sexuality. If you had asked me about my fantasies, I would have said that I didn't have any–I simply followed my bliss. But one fateful Saturday night that bliss led me to a private play-party, where spread-eagle on the pool table and bound with scarlet rope, a young blond woman was displayed as an appetizing centerpiece. She wore a big smile on one set of lips and green grapes spilling profusely out of the other. Dared by my friend to taste them, right there I had a juicy introduction to playing with women in bondage.

BDSM and fisting changed my erotic landscape. I finally understood that I could take charge and get what I wanted, without being manipulative. And, because I knew my boundaries would be respected, I could also give up control. Now I realize that during these early cathartic experiences my consciousness expanded. I got in touch with my archetypes. Everything about me connected, sexually and spiritually. I filled in the dots between explosive orgasms and being in Goddess space. I understood that Slut and Goddess are not opposite, but on the same continuum. I am Kali's servant and feel Her fire in my sadistic pursuits. When I am in sync with my bottom, as I am whipping, caning, or piercing, I feel a shift of energy. My skin and the air in the room become electric. As I hold the space and step aside from my ego space, I let my Kali archetype guide me to provide the grandest possible experience for my bottom. And I am taken along on the ride, because that is how energy works.

During my first bottoming date with a powerful butch top, I was able to reclaim my inner little girl. Oh, how scared and excited that little girl was, kneeling blindfolded in front of Her, a top in chaps! Her face was covered with a leather mask. Only her eyes and short, cropped hair were visible. I was intimidated and excited, and wondered what she would do to me.

My fear and my excitement became one. The more turned on I was, the more embarrassed I became. Her hands knew just exactly how to caress my breasts and my cunt. I begged for Her whipping and spanking and truly melted in Her hands.

That top opened a door that to this day has not closed. Over the years, there have been countless hot times with other women, butch and femme, lesbian and bi. The enduring friendships I made with some of the women I played with carried me through the plague of AIDS that was just around the corner.

We need pleasure so big that it connects us to the divine. That pleasure I have found in the erotic rituals we call SM play. Intense sensations experienced in trust and respect can open the door to our inner spaces. There our spirit soars.

Perhaps, like me in 1980, you do not have fantasies. But if you dare to venture on the dark side of eros you may find insights, healing, and joy you never expected. Transcendent sexuality is about exploring our fantasies, opening up to more energy, more love, deeper knowledge of ourselves, our lovers, our truths. My boi is a whole generation younger than I am. And she, too, has experienced the transformation through sex. I asked her to share her experiences for this essay.

* * *

I wasn't attracted to femmes when I became Cleo's boi, which made it less intimidating to play with her, because I felt impenetrable. But as we played, I had Oedipal fantasies. I felt like a young boy wanting sex with his mother, as a symbolic way of crawling back into the womb. I found it disturbing and tried to ignore it. I didn't know how to accept or explain my attraction to her. Then one night she was paddling me, and the intensity was making me high, and I started rhythmically thrusting forward. I was sweating, muscles rigid, strength surging through me–and without even being touched sexually–I was fully aroused. I wanted to roar. I felt entirely male, in a way I never had before.

Being a boi is something I wasn't allowed to do growing up. Boys were allowed to play rough, get dirty, make noise, step outside the rules. They weren't expected to behave all the time. Girls were expected to be clean, pretty, quiet, calm, obedient. I didn't fit any of the norms, and I didn't know I could be anything else.

Before Cleo, I believed that femmes could only be aesthetic tops, not "real" ones. Bound in corsets, precarious heels, and long fingernails, makeup running worse than my sweat–they might look scary, but that was all. It seemed to me that femmes merely exaggerated the traits I had refused to adopt. I might be a small butch, but at least I'm a butch. I thought that in the real world, butches were on top. That changed for me the first time Cleo bound me to a cross, whipped me until it rocked in its moorings, and dug her long fingernails into my back. I wasn't laughing. I was high, fast and hard, and knocked down off my pedestal. I learned respect.

we **NEED PLEASURE** so big that it **CONNECTS** us to the **DIVINE**.

My flavor had always been a butch top giving me a hard but simple beating, making me feel powerful. Cleo used her femininity to tease, torment, and manipulate me. She found my ticklish spots, she made me blush, she built up my ego, she knocked it down again until I screamed and begged. Her appearance cloaked how controlling and focused she really was. I felt like a clumsy, foolish little boy who had only been allowed to feel big and tough. And I enjoyed the lesson. Everyone has boundaries, but I have found that when I think I'll never do something, I have some exploring to do.

I was drawn to SM and body ritual because I could play whatever roles felt right, pushing past socially imposed limits to the other side of my nature: externally sexual, acutely focused like a beam of light, fire to complement the water of my female internal sexuality. I found completion by facing duality. Being able to express both masculine and feminine energy made me comfortable with my body.

In a world where everything is taboo, desires are nurtured and fears confronted in cohesive safety. Facing fear and winning definitely changes me, every time. I'm able to explore my desires without being so afraid of emotional repercussions.

One hot summer day in a grassy meadow, I looped ropes through steel hooks in my chest and over the branch of a tree. I rocked back on my heels, skin stretched taut, and swung like a bird. Warmth and calm flooded me. I threw my head back, laughing, weightless, liquefying, dissolving into the earth. I felt deep inside myself and yet as if I had no body at all. Wind caressed my face, drumbeats throbbed like my heartbeat. I glanced at Cleo, flying beside me, and wondered if she was in the same place. It felt like everyone there that day had become part of the same big orb of energy and light. The truth is, it doesn't hurt; but you think it will, and unless you get over the fear, you never know. There is freedom in taking that leap.

Cleo Dubois is a BDSM educator and the creator of *The Pain Game* and *Tie Me Up!*

rockbitch

These orgy-loving, commune-living rock stars were so hot they had to go underground.

interview by Dorothy Atcheson

Onstage boning got the band in trouble.

PHOTOS COURTESY ROCKBITCH/RB/JE/MH

Unless you are a disciple of Rockbitch–the outrageous, ultra-feminist, in-your-face British sex commune and goth-metal rock band–you may be unaware that they literally tongue, finger, fondle, fist, and fuck each other on stage while they play and perform occult rituals. Though Rockbitch is primarily a sex commune made up of thirteen women and two men in a former Benedictine monastery in Northern France, the band and the music are the chief vehicle through which they communicate with fans. Uptight censors have harangued the band so much that they now play only private gigs in members-only spaces.

On Our Backs caught up with members Babe, Tony, Nikki, Luci, Kali, and Martina to talk about their shocking stage shows, the future of their music, and the wonders of communal sex.

OOB: What is Rockbitch, exactly, and how did it get started?

Babe: Amanda (our bass player) had this vision of a commune of mainly women, where you could step out of society–basically, step out of the pressures and stereotypes and constraints on your behavior and your sexuality and just turn your focus entirely on rediscovering what it is to be female. The concept was to have a group of women who were self-supporting, not only financially but emotionally, and to conduct a psychosexual experiment on the dynamics of interpersonal relationships and see what we become, as women.

OOB: Where does the band come in?

Kali: It's like we are this fanatically orgiastic horde who express themselves through the band.

Babe: Yes, but unfortunately, what we do on stage and the way we act has often been taken as a gimmick or even something artificially created by the music industry.

OOB: That seems to be the idea most people have–shock value.

Nikki: Sex is used to sell absolutely everything, especially the female body or form. But nobody actually goes through with it. So we're kicking society's hypocrisy in the face.

OOB: And that's by not just fucking each other, but also members of the audience.

Babe: Yes. We're taking away the power of the hypocritical sting a little bit by actually having sex with people.

OOB: We wondered about that when we saw you all randomly making out with people in the audience at your show. When someone wins the golden condom award at your gigs, do you really all have sex with that person backstage?

Babe: If it's a guy, it'll be just the bisexuals [among us]. And if it's a woman, then it's the whole clan.

OOB: So a woman who catches the golden condom gets the experience of being with *all* of you?

Everyone: Yeah!

Babe: Bummer! [everyone laughs] It's the rock-n-roll cliché, but we're actually living it for real.

OOB: Does anyone ever balk when they get back there?

Babe: Men do. Women do not. They go for it. Even straight women, when faced with a bunch of naked Rockbitch girls letching at them with lust in their eyes and their tongues hanging out, they go for it every single time. The men panic and back off and say, "I thought it was a joke. No, I can't handle this."

OOB: So what is the message you're ultimately trying to communicate?

Babe: Basically we are living an alternative lifestyle. Here are the parameters, here's how we do it. You don't have to live the weird way that we do, but you can sure as hell take something from it. Everything society hands you on a plate is not necessarily so.

OOB: And who is your message for?

Babe: Everybody! Women in particular, because we're women, and we feel that "woman" is the lump of shit on the bottom of the world's sole. She truly is–although both the genders are fucked because of her oppression. But we haven't been able to make the huge changes or impact on people's minds and perspective that we really wanted through the arena of rock music, because the music industry is so gimmicky. The side of us that is evangelical needs to go into something else. So we're going into film, we're going into theater, we're going into other things.

OOB: How does it work at the monastery? Do you all have your own rooms or do you share?

Babe: We share an enormously big bedroom. And we each pretty much have a set place there, although it often changes. We've also got a community room, which is the sort of heart and hub, where everybody goes. There's also a sex room, because for those moments when you need some peace and quiet because you're watching telly [laughs], or you want to create a certain atmosphere, we've got a specific room for it.

Kali: If you want to shag all night and you don't want to keep everybody else awake.

Babe: That's right. We don't tend to have sex in the bedroom at night. Because in the early years, somebody would start shagging, and you'd be listening, and going, "Yeah!" And then you'd reach over and then you'd start. And there'd be this domino effect. Everyone would shag, and everyone would be happy. But you'd be knackered the next day. And then it would happen again and again. People were getting a little bit edgy because they weren't getting enough sleep. [laughs]

OOB: That's funny. People usually get edgy for not getting enough sex! What happens if one of you is not feeling particularly sexual? Does that ever happen to any of you?

Kali: Oh yeah, of course.

Babe: Everyone's got cycles. But we've never found that, when someone's in a sexual low peak of activity, that they want to separate themselves from sexual activity. They'll say, "I'll watch" or have a look.

OOB: Does it often happen that you'll be strolling through a room, and people are having sex there?

Babe: Constantly. [laughs]

OOB: And you can join if you like or walk by if you like?

Babe: Yep, that's exactly the way it is. We've got these little plaques to hang on the door. They say "Hetero Hell" (in case there's a man and a woman, say we've got guests or something, because we're very derogatory toward heterosexual sex) [laughs]; "S&M"; "Join Us" (that's if you just want the space but you don't mind anyone popping in at all); "HLA" (Hot Lesbo Action); "Busy" (if you don't want to be disturbed); and "Empty."

Tony: And sometimes you walk past and hear a whole lot of stuff going on in there, and if you see "Join Us," you can stick your head in and see what's going on. And it might be some profound, spiritual magic sex thing, in which case I might think, "Yeah, shit, why not?" Or it could be something uniquely lesbo, and I'll just walk on out again.

OOB: So some of the women in the commune are lesbians and others are bisexual?

Babe: Yes, but the nature of our bisexuality is not attractive. It's carnal. We do not have relationships with men. Bluntly. Nobody [in the commune] is heterosexual. But there are two genders, because we are not separatists. As women, as matriarchs, as feminists, we cannot build our own strengths at the cost of exclusion. If we just kept weak men around us, we wouldn't be strong women.

OOB: Are there ever problems with jealousy?

Babe: It never comes up. Our understanding of jealousy is that it comes from insecurity. And in order to make a community work you have to be completely honest about your feelings. There is no space for insecurity because there are no secrets. It's difficult, but it's a habit. And it took us a long time to get into that habit.

continued on page 42

Orgiastic stage shows made Rockbitch infamous. Nikki (top), Julie, Babe, Kali, Erzulie (above). (Below) Babe gets her red wings.

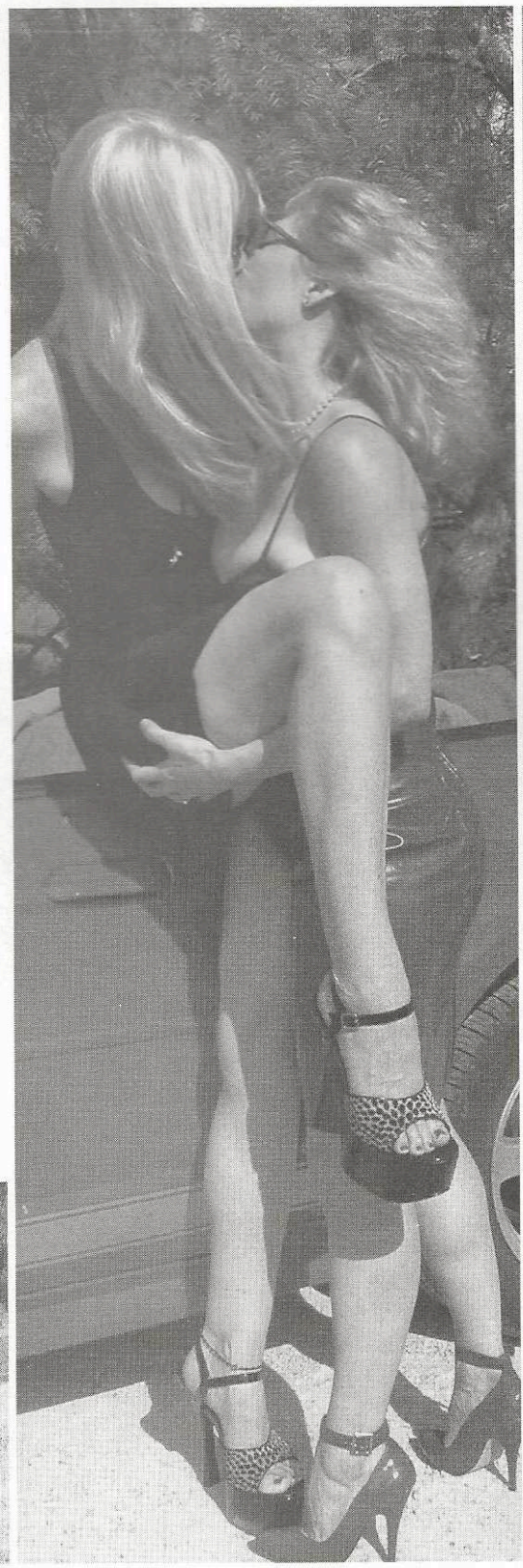
LOST+HORNY

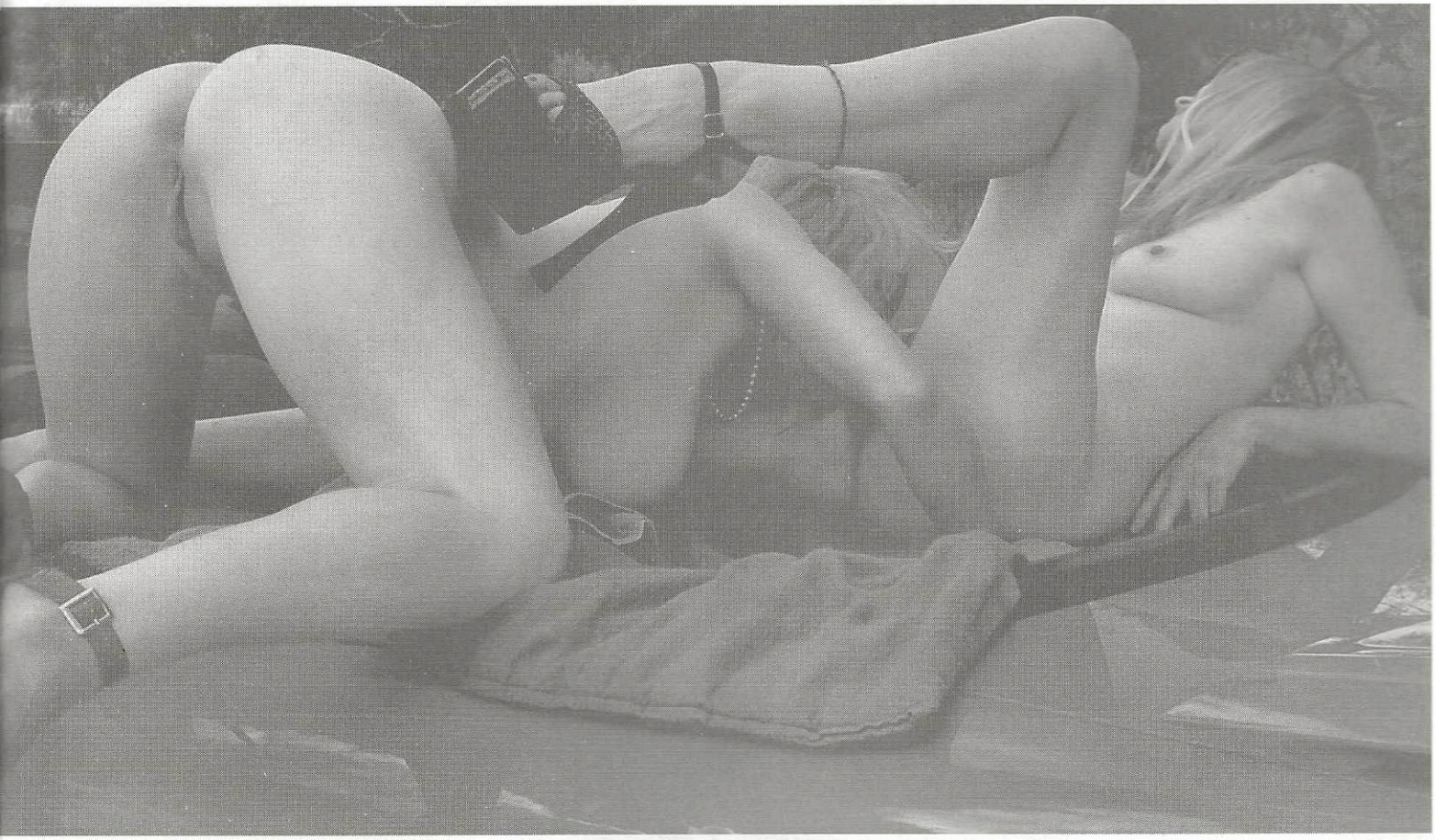
After they stop to pee, two hot femmes have a quickie in the car.

photography by Corwin

for Passion Fruit Video from *Gallery Erotica*

Dominique and Elise were headed to a party, when Elise had to pee and begged her girlfriend to pull over. In her haste to find a remote place where they could go in peace, Dominique took a detour that led nowhere. As she studied the map, Dominique found the proximity of her girlfriend's body distracting. "What the hell," she finally said as she tossed the map and grabbed her girlfriend, "Let's just fuck right here in the car." The party would have to wait. The two sexy blondes quickly got naked– licking, kissing, and sucking each other into a frenzy, until both of them exploded with earth-shattering orgasms. **dc**





LmcC2002

To the Marrow

by Sharon Wachsler • illustration by Laurenn McCubbin

When your life is at stake, everyone starts to look good, or at least doable. Sex becomes a means of survival. Everything does: vitamins, acupuncture, walking the dogs. You do it and you know it's at least half as important as the amputations and chemo. I fuck, therefore I am.

I met Jessica at my support group. We were the only two not married with a pack of kids. I figured that upped our survival chances right there. At the first meeting she looked at me and leered. She ran her tongue over her lips, smirking, while the woman next to her told how she'd lost her hostess job because her appearance made the diners nervous.

Jessica was vintage punk; a safety pin through her ear, a red-velvet blouse with lace at the cuffs, pale jeans she'd probably ripped herself. She was all jagged lines and ruffles. On our first date we dyed her sparse hair pink. It stood out in little tufts and patches, so the color contrast was excellent. She looked like a lollipop–bright and sticky. I wanted to lick her.

Wearing my steel-toed boots, muscle shirts, and black jeans with the key chain on my belt, I looked like a skin head. Even after my hair came back in, I shaved it off. That's where the no tits comes in handy. I freak, therefore I am.

The sex was not the best I've had–it always felt like something was slipping out of place–but it was as an affirmation of being alive and using what we've still got–cunts and fingers and minds.

For Jessica it went deeper. It was in her bones. Her marrow, in fact. The first time we did it she puked, after. Right in the bed. She'd finished her first round of chemo. "It's all right," I told her, stripping off the sheets like a pro. "I like the idea I fucked your guts out." She screamed like I was the funniest dyke on the block, then covered her mouth and ran to the bathroom. I heard her retching while I put on a CD.

I was in remission, but I had a stash of pain pills from when I should have used them and didn't. I wanted to be awake during it all. And I wanted a way out, later, if I needed it. I even tried to bully the docs into letting me have the surgery without general. I think it made them squeamish, the idea of me being awake while they sliced off my breasts like two bloody custards. The nurses seemed less barbaric. One of them let me flirt with her, even though I could see her ring when she adjusted my morphine drip. I let it drip. At home I took just enough dope to keep going.

When Jessica came back from the bathroom she flopped down on the bed, wiped her pale hand across her face. I was afraid she might fall asleep so I kissed her. Her mouth still tasted like puke, even though she'd brushed her teeth. That was a nice gesture, because during chemo everything smells twenty decibels higher than it did before. Mint toothpaste stinks about as loud as you can get. I wanted to say something but it all seemed too corny. So I slid my tongue down her chin, across her chest and belly, and into her cunt. She tasted surprisingly sweet. Like a hummingbird, I lapped at her, my heart beating like hell to keep me there.

the sex was an affirmation of being alive and using what we've still got–cunts and fingers and minds.

I wished she had her period. I knew it was in her blood, her danger. I wanted to taste it. Mine had been removed–slice and sew and the problem is gone. But you can't empty a person of blood and then refill them, like changing the oil in a car. I could get under her hood all I wanted and still not see her problem.

After she came we took some of my pills. I let her fuck me for a while. It felt distant, like my cunt was a thousand years away, but her face was right up close. She only had a few eyelashes. I liked her eyelids bare and swollen, and kissed them. I liked her nose, her ears, her forehead, and stared at them while her fingers fluttered inside my mile-long cunt. When the drugs really kicked in we just lay side by side, sleeping on and off, drooling, like the dogs who flopped across our legs.

I came to before Jessica and found *King Kong* on cable. I could see where he was coming from. I felt like I could hold all of Jessica in one hand. Like my mere presence could make her swoon, with fear, with love, with pain pills, sometimes. Later, of course, I could have held her in one hand. Well, only theoretically, since the family wouldn't let me near the urn. They thought I was sick. The laugh was on them because I had beat it–but for some people it's not about the cancer. When I met her family at the funeral I understood why Jessica had stayed a punk so long.

Her friends threw her a real memorial, with people talking about Jessica's art and drinking tequila and wearing slutty black stuff from secondhand stores. It made me wish Jessica was there. She would have loved it. We would have dished everyone afterward, in bed, harshed on their haircuts.

On my way home from the memorial I bought three marrow soup bones. I gave one apiece to the dogs and kept the third. I watched how each dog held its bone between its paws and licked out the middle, like an ice cream cone. I got down on the floor with them. Sprawled on the cool kitchen linoleum I sucked out the marrow, imagining Jessica, open before me, tasting blood on my tongue. **oob**

CLAUDINE, OR, THE DEVIL IN OFFICER JONES

by Lynne Jamneck • illustration by Deon Allen

I knew it the moment she first opened her paint-chipped apartment door to me.

There she stood magnificently inviting, dressed in a faded pair of jeans and a tight white T-shirt. Before she had even had the chance to introduce herself, I wanted to fuck her.

She had one hand up against the edge of the front door, the other on her hip as she contemplated the uniformed cop in front of her.

"Right. The car," she said slowly in a voice that's seen too many cigarettes.

"Sergeant Jones," I said by way of introduction.

"Please," she dropped her hand from the door and showed me in. Huge windows lined one end of the loft's whitewashed wall and looked down on a busy, rain-slicked New York City street. I turned my gaze from the street below and saw her eyes move over the gun at my side. She was making coffee.

"How do you take it?" I heard her ask. Nuance rose over the clinking of cups.

"Black, no sugar."

"Of course," she smiled. "So then, I guess you'd better ask me some questions, officer."

I took out my notepad. "You say your husband stole the car?" I asked, all professionalism.

"My ex," she replied, lighting a cigarette.

Her hand wasn't supposed to be on my thigh, but it was there nonetheless. How did that happen?

The sight of Claudine's slender fingers on the perfunctory texture of my uniform slacks made my nipples go instantly hard. With her other hand, she started unbuttoning my blue shirt. The hand on my leg squeezed above my knee, making me push back into the couch, wary that I would be suspended for screwing a woman on a routine questioning.

I wanted to, though; oh God, I wanted to.

"Why don't you go ahead, Sergeant Jones," she smiled, her voice still low.

"Claudine–" she lowered her head and with her teeth started teasing one of my nipples through the fabric of my shirt.

"Nobody will come," she muttered, and for the first time I heard a slight crack in her voice, a small infraction of want passing between her lips. It was that tiny breach of control that made me lose what little I had left.

I suddenly became furious at her for putting me in a situation like this, and wondered how many other men and

> "i want you to fuck me with your clothes on."

women she had played this game with on this exact couch.

I was in control, *me*. I was the fucking cop.

With one hand I shoved her back against the other end of the leather couch.

It squeaked perversely as I pushed my body against hers. She moaned as my piece pushed against the inside of her thighs. I grabbed both her wrists in one hand and pinned them above her head, the other hand grabbing her jaw roughly.

Footsteps outside the door, her mouth was inches from mine and her breath was hot against my cheek.

Keys in the door.

"Fuck me," Claudine whispered urgently in my ear.

"Not yet," I replied, getting off of her and grabbing my shirt from the floor. I heard a key turn, but a huge pillar in the middle of the room blocked my view. By the time he came walking around the corner, we were composed and I had my notebook in my hand once more. He must have been in his late thirties, greying around the edges, attaché case in one hand.

"Officer Jones," Claudine spoke calmly. "My husband, Ben."

He looked tiredly at both of us.

"No, I'm not the one who stole the car," he finally said, then turned around to pour himself a Scotch.

* * *

The second time I saw Claudine was at a cop bar down East 52nd Street. Black leather pants with drawstrings down the side, black boots that could kick a hole in Johnny Rotten, and a tank top.

I was still sitting at my usual table near the back when she saw me, walked over, and leaned against my table.

"They still haven't found my car."

I picked up the bottle from the table and swallowed the last dregs.

"I know."

"They haven't found my husband either," she continued.

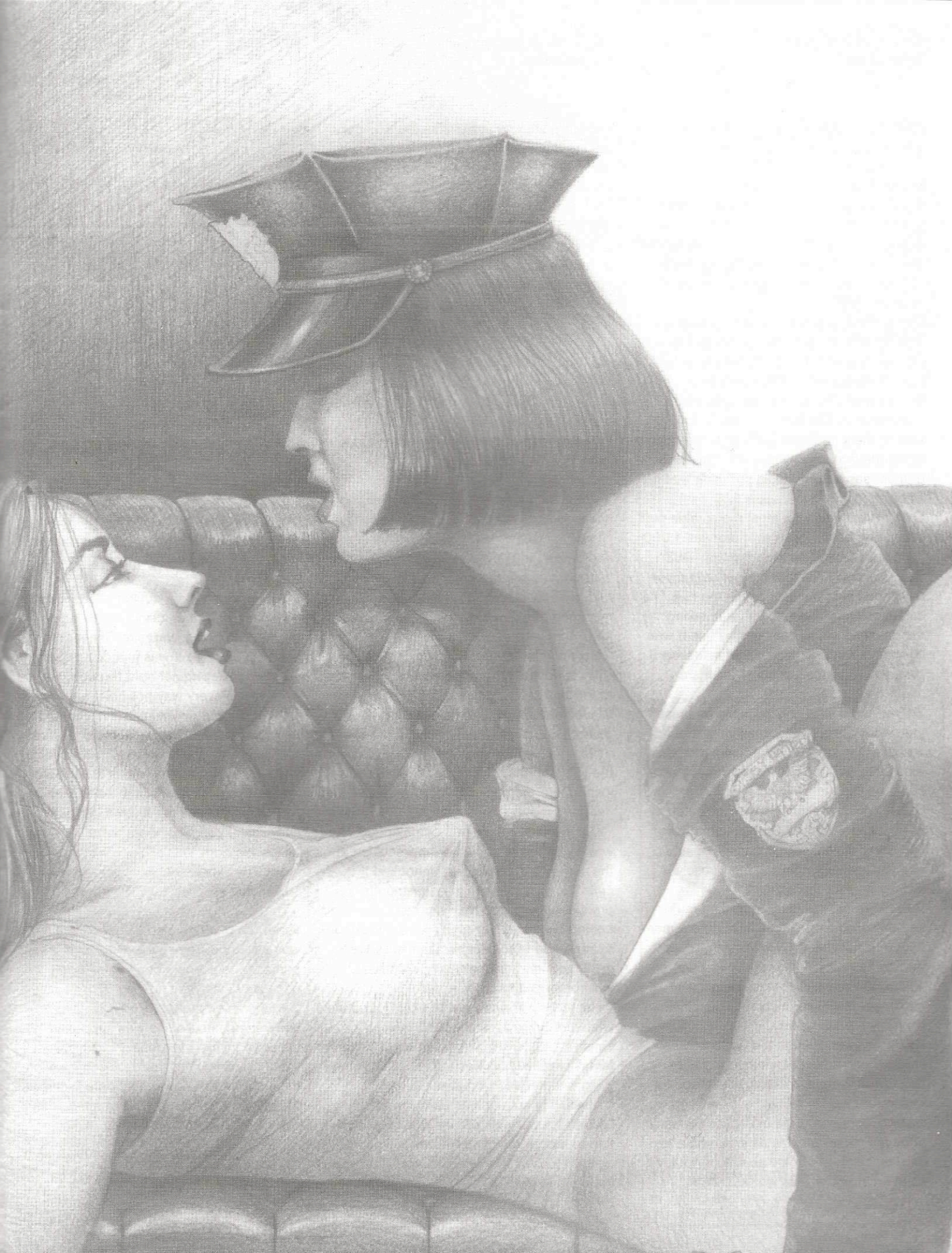
"I know," I replied and got up from the table.

* * *

She wouldn't let me take my clothes off. She wouldn't even let me take my belt off, and she certainly wouldn't let me take my gun off. I pinned her against the wall in the dark the moment we entered her apartment, as I had wanted to on that very first day two weeks ago. God, it was hot in here.

I slid my hands slowly down the front of

continued on page 42



continued from page 31

interview

OOB: So what happens when you're sleeping with two people in the commune...

Babe: [interrupts] Minimum.

OOB: [laughing] Okay, minimum...and you get the feeling that one person in the threesome doesn't like you as much as she likes the other one? You're saying that's only your insecurity and you just have to deal with it?

Babe: Well, you may well like somebody more than another person. I like Kali for a certain type of sex. I like Kali for a certain type of conversation. I like Luci for a certain type of sex, a certain type of conversation. The fact that I can't get exactly the same from both of them doesn't denigrate that which I can get from each of them separately. That's the thing that it all pivots on.

OOB: What was your most memorable gig?

Tony: The best gig we ever did was 1,000 women in Amsterdam [during the 1998 Gay Games]. I was playing guitar in those days and I was the only guy in the hall. The audience were really going for it, taking their clothes off, all over each other. It was like some primeval group of priestesses. It gave you a glimpse of how a matriarchy might be.

Babe: And it was only possible because they were alone [without any men around] and they felt safe. It was a real first and a vision into the true nature of what women could be like.

OOB: Which is exactly what Rockbitch is all about. So, we know the censors have had many of your shows cancelled, and that you are no longer touring publicly. What's next for the band?

Babe: We will continue recording music and expressing ourselves through our members-only paysite at www.rockbitch.com (and to hell with all those who say we've sold out). We will also have occasional members-only gigs, uncancellable since it's basically a private party.

OOB: So even though the commune has always been and will continue to be the basis of the group, there's still a place for rock-n-roll?

Babe: There has to be music, as so many of us are musicians. It's as impossible to stop that side of our life as it is to not love each other and live as we do. **oob**

continued from page 40

claudine

her body, starting at her shoulders, fingers tracing the sidelong curve of her breasts, down her ribs and coming to a halt in the small of her back. I started unbuttoning my shirt, meaning to take it off, but Claudine stopped me.

"I want you to fuck me with your clothes on," she said, and I knew by her tone that she was demanding things of me again. It scratched at my cop sensibilities: do this *now*, not later.

When I get called out to a scene, I give the orders. I had never been manipulated in my life, and it made me mad as hell. What angered me even more was that I'd been manipulated oh-so-willingly. Not by Claudine, really, but by my own desperate need to possess her. The lust I felt for her muffled every single alarm that went off in my head as I lay awake at night, sweating, hand between my legs as I imagined Claudine opening her door to me once more and telling me what a good girl I was.

I'd phoned her the previous night and told her how clever I had been, how I'd managed to make everything look like a sad, freak accident.

Now it was *her* turn to listen.

My hand stung from the tips of my fingers to the base of my palm as it slapped across Claudine's check. It actually caught her off guard; I could see the surprise in her eyes.

"Tonight we're doing what I want," I said in the voice normally reserved for street trash I loaded into the back of a police cruiser. I felt her hand moving up the inside of my thigh.

"Take your hand away," I commanded. She was trying not to show her appreciation at the authority in my voice. I unhooked the cuffs from my belt and in one, smooth practiced move had both her hands secured behind her back. Her nipples were rock-hard by now, and I took each at a time between my fingers and pinched them until she whimpered with satisfying pain.

Her jeans unzipped easily, and I found the white cotton panties she was wearing a satisfying testament to many a night's lonely fantasies. Claudine was trying to say something through short breaths.

"If you say so much as one word, Claudine, I will walk out the door, leave you tied to a chair, and you'll never see me again." I looked into her dark eyes. "Do you understand me?"

She nodded.

"You're such a good girl, Claudine. Just listen to what I tell you."

She nodded, biting on her lip to keep the words from spilling out as I slipped two fingers past the elastic on her underwear. Slowly, I reached for her clit. I worked the excited organ, transforming it into a hard, solid affirmation of pleasure. I wasn't sure what turned Claudine on more, my hand inside her panties or the lack of control she was suddenly experiencing.

Within a few moments she was so hard that there was nothing left for me to do but slowly ease three fingers into her, relishing the warm wetness I found there. With her eyes closed, head thrown back, I finally–mercifully–screwed her into the blue paint-chipped door.

This wasn't about sex. But I knew that. It might have been in the beginning, that first day. But that all changed the moment she phoned me and asked me to murder her husband.

Yet I couldn't stop, couldn't keep from giving myself to her, using her, ravaging her for my own personal desire. The fact that she was enjoying it was just coincidental.

Claudine kept quiet right through, and I used her in every way possible; any way my perverted mind could entertain. She did beg, but not with words. She didn't dare.

When I was finally finished I released her hands, chafed from the metal cuffs rubbing against the skin. She stumbled to the couch. I left to pull myself together in her bathroom, and when I came back out there were two uniformed cops waiting for me in the living room. They knew me.

Claudine was gone.

They took me in and asked me questions about the death of Ben Carter. Claudine was still gone. They said they found fingerprints at the scene. I don't know how, because I was wearing gloves. They said Carter was strangled, which I really don't understand. Insulin. He was supposed to die of an insulin overdose.

But to tell you the truth, looking back on the night in question as I sit here in this cell, there's not all that much I can remember. I asked for Claudine. She never came.

Lynne Jamneck is an erotic fiction writer. She currently resides in Cape Town, South Africa.

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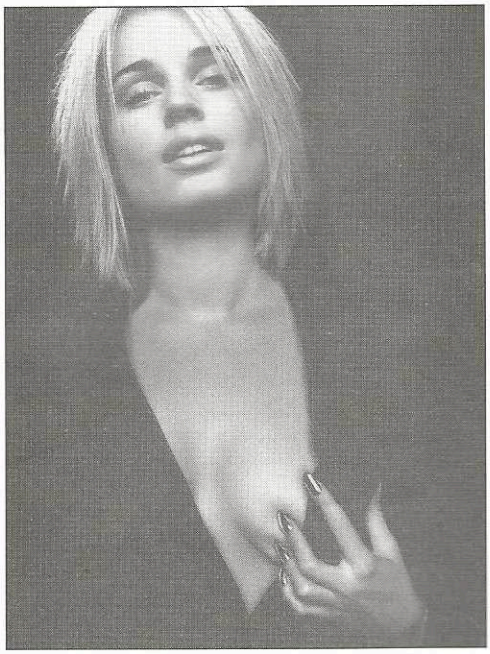
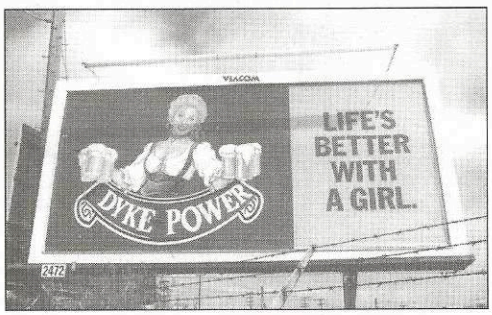


▲ "Isn't that cool? She'd fuck them as fast as she'd fight 'em. That's her character. It's such a guy's role."

Rebecca Romijn-Stamos on playing a bad-ass bisexual in Femme Fatale *in* Flaunt

"I think the reason there's always a sign language interpreter at lesbian events has less to do with concerns for the deaf and more with showing off in public how nimble your fingers are."

Columnist Marc Acito in Just Out



▲ "We are **excited to welcome the St. Pauli Girl** to San Francisco's queer community. We waited a long time **for our closeted girlfriend, but we're glad that she has finally come out.**"

Dyke Power Posse on their alteration of a St. Pauli Girl billboard in San Francisco.

"Nothing like this has happened before. No one should be made uncomfortable due to their orientation or religion or race, color, creed, national origin."

Banning, California school board president Randy Patterson, responding to the fact that a Banning high scool student was repeatedly barred from gym class for being a lesbian

▲ "I started fucking with him [the detective], letting him know that **maybe I'm a man, maybe I'm a woman...** I can pee in urinals standing up, always could; so I walk into the men's room and I unzip my pants and I pee into this urinal. Eventually the case was dismissed for several reasons including that he didn't have any description of my genitalia."

Sharon Mitchell describing the time she got busted at Show World, a former Times Square porn theater in Hustler

"I couldn't stand it if Jelena turned out to be one of them. I'd kill myself."

Damir Dokic, father of Jelena Dokic, the world's ninth-ranked female tennis player, after declaring that forty percent of the world women's tennis tour is lesbian in the London newspaper The Sun

Mainstream advertising has veered more and more into seedy porn territory, so now it is nearly impossible to tell a Falcon box cover photo from a page in the *A&F Quarterly*. Of course, the easiest way to tell the difference now is that there is pubic hair in advertising.

Columnist Derek Hartley on PlanetOut.com

REBECCA ROMIJN-STAMOS: JAMES WHITE; SHARON MITCHELL: HUSTLER.

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Average no. of copies each issue during the preceding 12 months
Total No. Copies: 14,983; Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 9,308; Paid and/or Requested Mail Subscriptions: 3,621; Total Paid/Requested Circulation: 12,929; Free Distribution by Mail: 242; Free Distribution Outside of Mail: 1,047; Total Free Distribution: 1,289; Total Distribution: 14,218; Copies Not Distributed: 1) Office Use, leftovers, spoiled: 765; TOTAL: 14,983; Percent Paid/Requested Circulation: 91%

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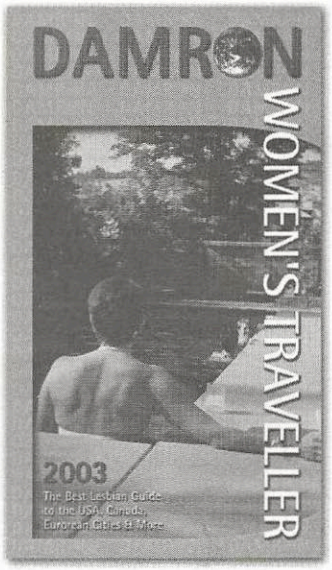

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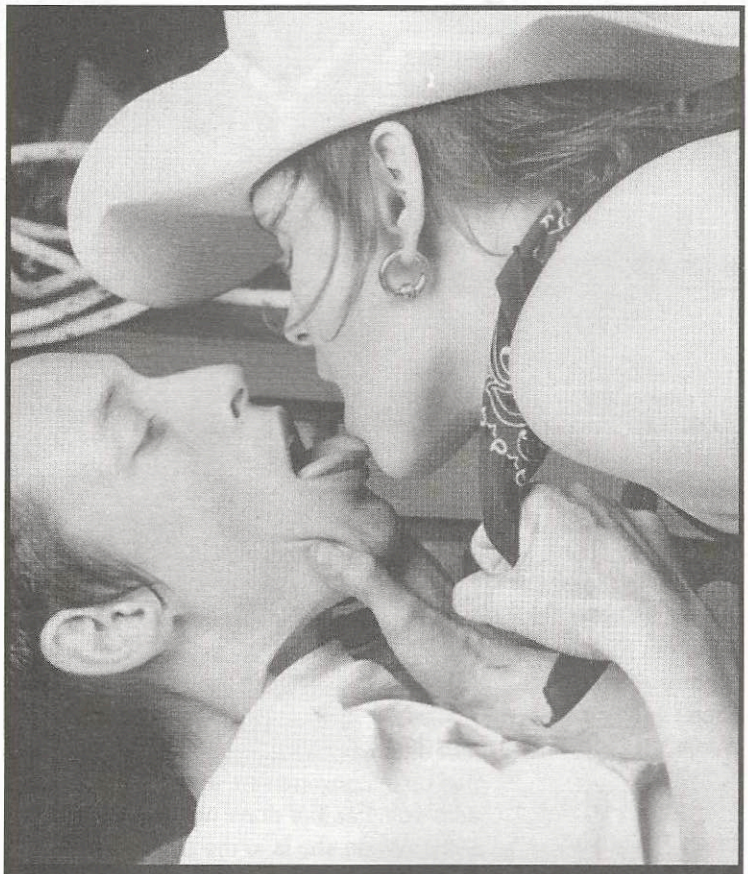

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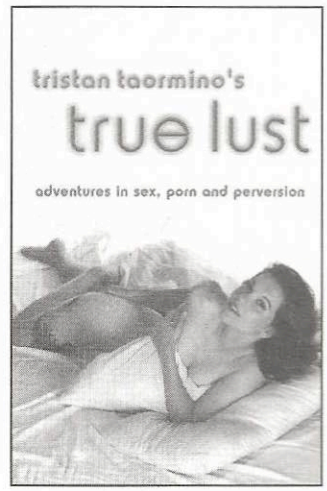

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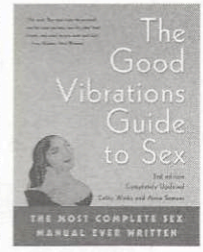

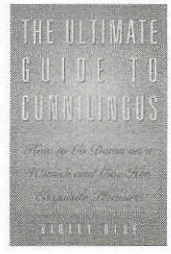

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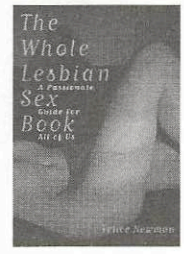

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How do you get a **WOMAN INTO BED?**

compiled by Diana Cage

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Less Talk, More Action

My current girlfriend is a stunning 5'10" femme, rocking the straight sorority-girl look. I met her at a play party. After three minutes of small-talk, I asked her what she was into. She said she was new to the scene, and didn't really know yet. So I used my best line ever: "You like to get fucked, don't you?" She nodded enthusiastically. "I'll go get my gear. Why don't you find someplace to lie down." *Sadie*

Manly Moves

"Are you wearing space pants? 'Cuz your ass is out of this world." I've learned that girls can get away with using cheesy, obnoxious guy lines and not get slapped. But you have to deliver the line with the appropriate self-referential corniness. *MP*

Private Screening

I invite them over for homemade sushi and *The Matrix* on DVD. I don't have a couch in my studio apartment, so we have to lie on my bed to see the screen. When the movie's over I just ask them if they want to make out. It has worked every time. *YT*

Audience Participation

I sing in clubs and I have learned the more skin I show, the more money I make. I scope out the hottest butch stud I can find in the audience and then make my move. Perhaps it's the spiked heels or maybe it's my ass on her lap. But before too long, I've buried her face in my tits and she's on her knees in front of me! Afterward, I reward a good sport with a wild (yet safe) night of fucking. *Bella*

Mind Fuck

Make it your job to convince your prey that she is hotter than you. Think of why you want to sleep with her, then compliment her on that. Compliment her in front of other ladies, and get them to agree with you. Learn what she is passionate about and start a conversation on that topic. Get her riled up in conversation, agree with her and learn from her, but don't be afraid to debate a little. When she is at the peak of excitement and talking a mile a minute, interrupt her and say, "God, we would make great lovers!" *Randy*

Dairy Queen

If it's a first date and the vibe is promising, I take a woman out for ice cream cones and innocently let her witness a sampling of my deft mouth. *Naughty Dred*

Tools of the Trade

First I explain that my leatherman micra tool on the ol' keychain could easily fix that broken zipper of hers. Then I use the aforementioned tool to open the next dozen beers. The rest is herstory. *Devina*

Nail Her

Find an excuse to use your fingernails. If you're butch, and she is wearing a sleeveless shirt, compliment her on it, then ask her if she's cold while tracing down her arm with your deliciously scratchy nails. If you're a yummy femme, and she compliments your manicure, smile devilishly, thank her, and ask her if she would like to feel those nails on the back of her neck. *Miss Kitty*

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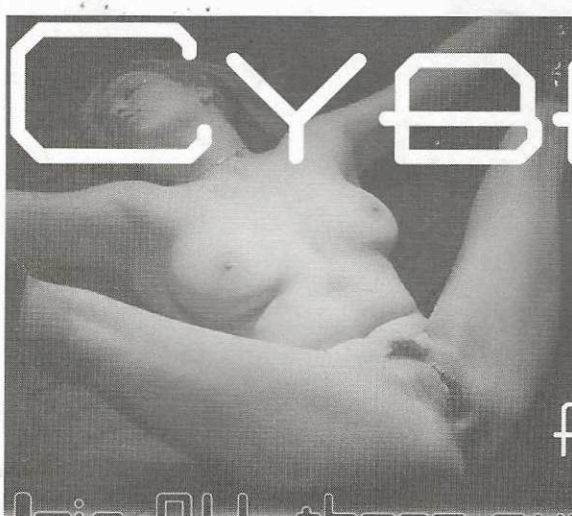

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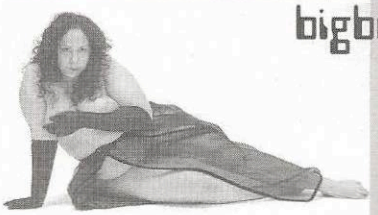

bigbeautifulheaven.com

Just one of our BBW sites, this pin-up inspired site shows off the sexiest big beautiful lesbians you have ever seen!

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For women who love women's "posteriorities," anal sex, analingus, doggie style, and more! A beautifully designed and elegant site.

mistresstatiana.com

An intimate look at this amazing multi-talented dyke Domme and also a beautiful art site of her simply extraordinary rope and other bondage.

ondine-x.com

High femme pin-up grrl who likes to play with fetish and BDSM. If you like strong femmes with sassy attitudes look no further!

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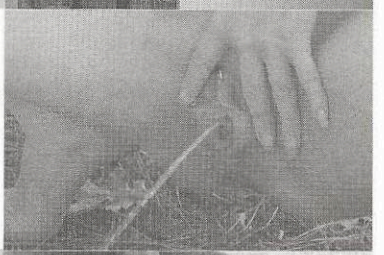

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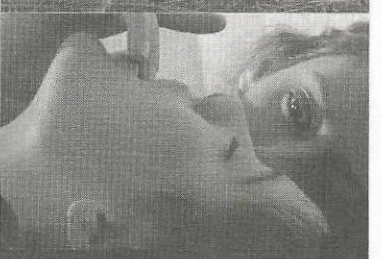

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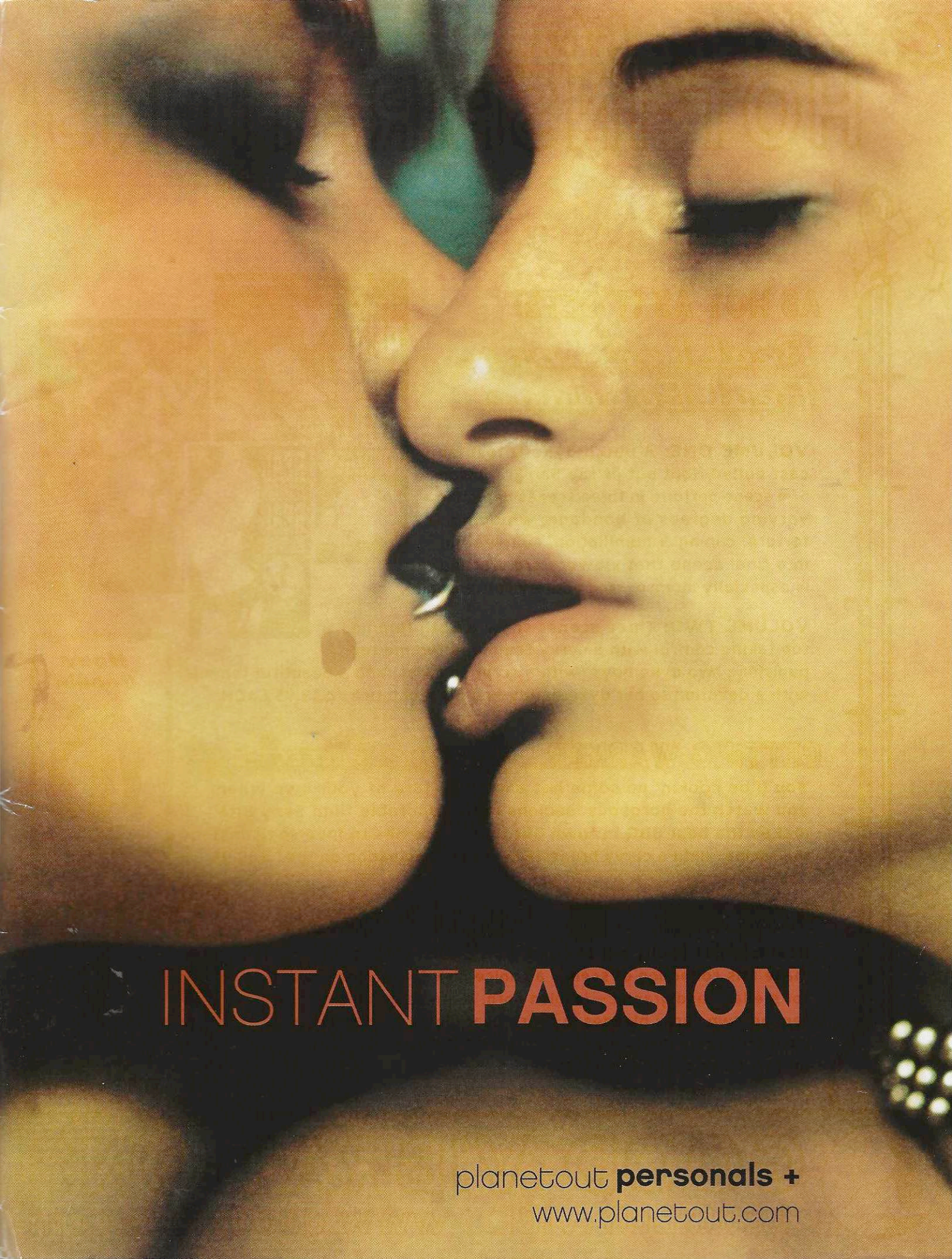
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Cool Nights, HOT INSPIRATIONS!

When it's cold outside, fire up the VCR with these all-girl flicks that go from warm, sweet heat to sizzling sweaty intensity!

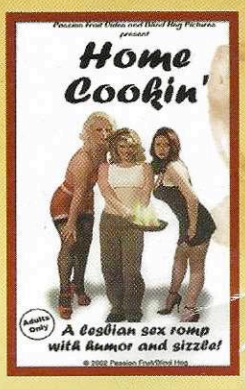
AS HOT AS IT GETS!

Real Lesbians Real Bondage

VOLUME ONE: A butch dyke & lesbian cast pulled right out of the San Francisco S/M scene perform in three scenes depicting varying degrees of bondage, whipping, torture, caning & humiliation, culminating in a final scene that viewers are warned is especially intense—and entirely consensual.

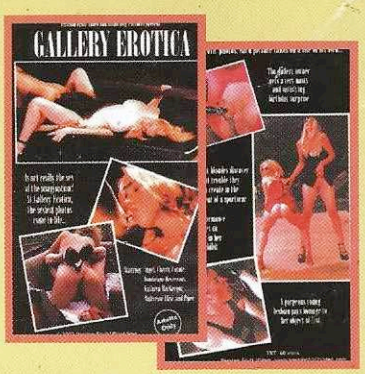
VOLUME TWO: Three scenes show a Goth femme top taking control with a curvy femme, a femme top punishing two dyke boys (with a surprise twist) and a beautiful femme with a devotion to her dyke daddy and his nightstick. $39.95 EACH

GETTING WARMER... *Home Cookin'*



You'll be cookin' up some hot and spicy fare of your own when you watch the gorgeous lesbians in this adorable film! Sexy Rita makes the best BBQ in town but when it comes to love she's lost the recipe--until a curvy brunette sets her imagination on fire. $39.95

SLOW BURN... *Gallery Erotica*



Real lesbians, really hot sex and drop dead gorgeous women make this collection of scenes a choice pick for anyone looking for stellar—and graphic—lesbian porn. Watch a butch cheer up a femme, two curvy blondes in fetish gear giggle, pee and please each other on a dusty highway, a femme domme give her butch an S/M surprise, and much more! $39.95

GOOD VIBRATIONS

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